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LIVE·LIGHTS·OR·DEAD·LIGHTS

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ALTAR·OR·TABLE

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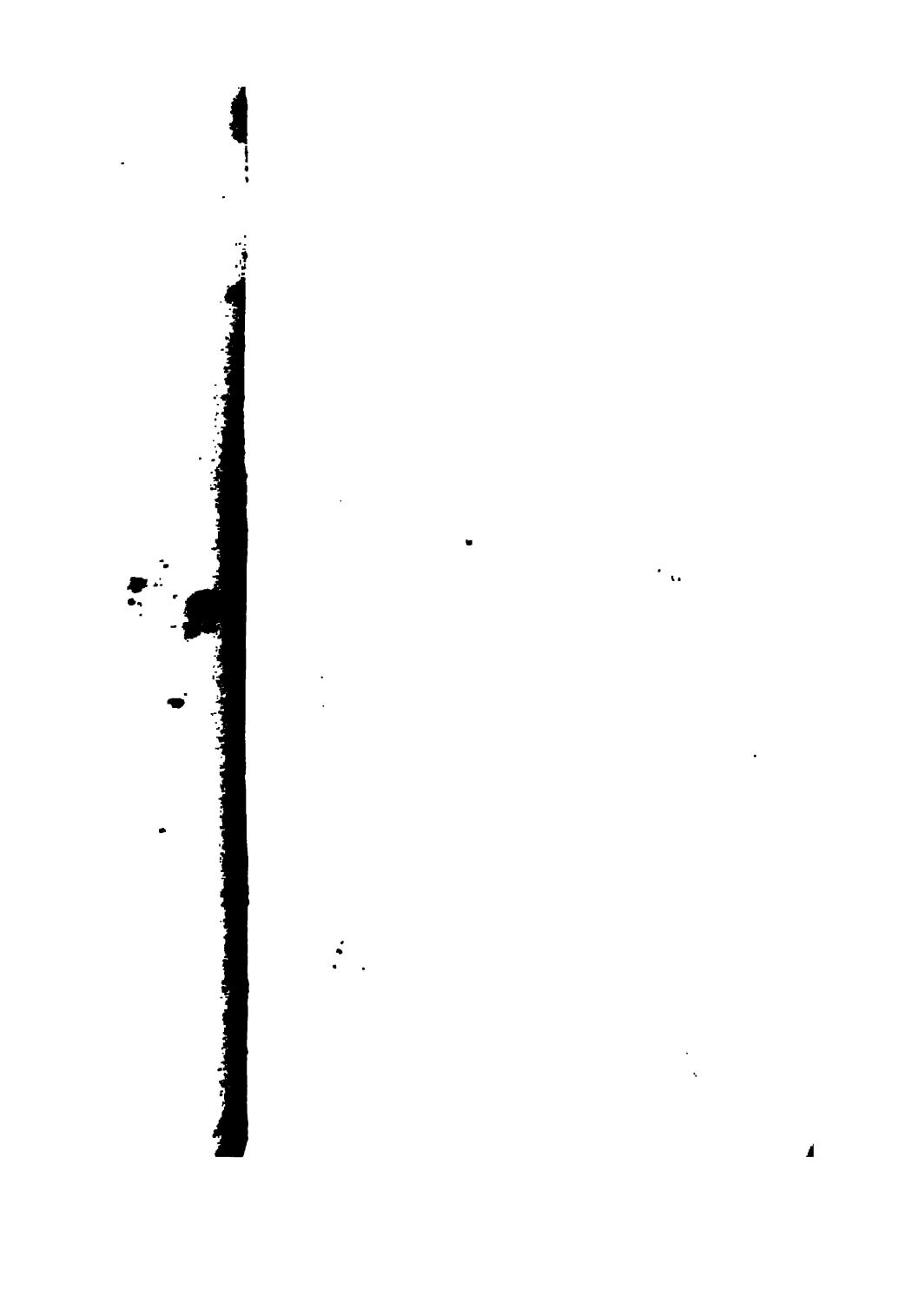


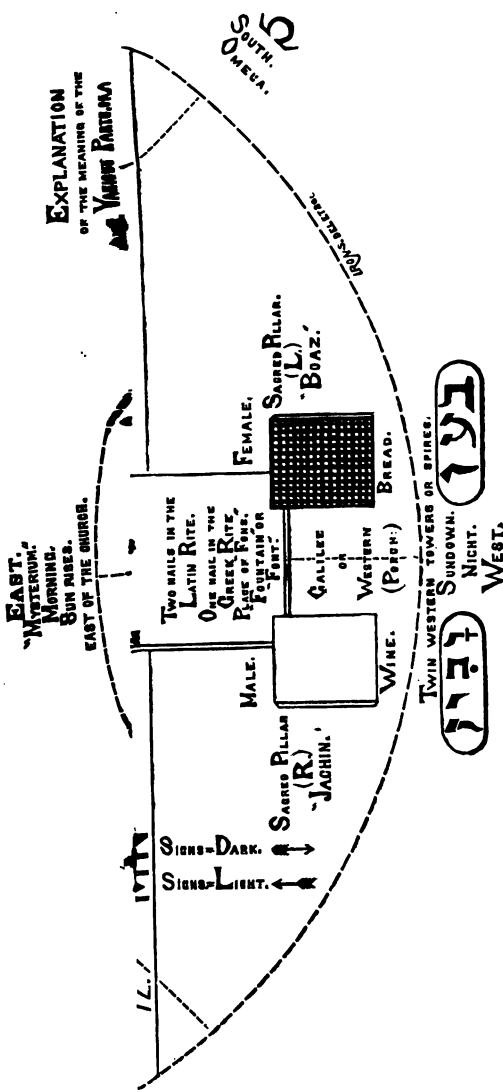
LIVE LIGHTS OR DEAD LIGHTS:  
(ALTAR OR TABLE?)



“THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY THE LORD, AND I KNOW NOT WHERE  
THEY HAVE LAID HIM.”—*St. John:—Chap. xx. v. 13.*







## AN EXPLANATION OF THE SYMBOLICAL MEANING OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

# LIVE LIGHTS OR DEAD LIGHTS: (ALTAR OR TABLE?)

BY

HARGRAVE JENNINGS,

*"Author of the "Rosicrucians;" "One of the Thirty;" the "Indian Religions; or Results of the Mysterious Bhuddism;" "Curious Things of the Outside World, &c., &c.*

IN CONJUNCTION WITH  
TWO MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.



*"THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY THE LORD, AND I KNOW NOT WHERE THEY HAVE LAID HIM."—S. John:—Chap. xx. v. 13.*

*"The late changes in the statute law in respect to the Universities have effaced Christianity from the higher culture of the English youth, and have prepared the way for a harvest of scepticism and unbelief."—Archbishop Manning.*

JOHN HODGES,

46, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

1873.

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**H**IS Book has for its object to make religion **REAL** and **CONSISTENT**; that is, to supply real reasons for it. For otherwise religion is vain, cumbersome, and vexatious only.

The following chapters strive towards the literary exposition of the harmony—in a new view—of mystic and of realistic dogmatic teaching, relative to the **PERSONALITY** of the Saviour in the Holy Sacrament. The book offers its illustrations:—firstly, in deductions from the intentions of the ancient builders as proven in the mystic meaning of every part of a Christian **CROSS-CHURCH**. And these are presented as in conformity with the mysterious theistic speculations of the early Christian Fathers. They farther borrow their elucidation in certain respects, and evoke examples from Jacob Behmen's mystical sacred teaching; and from his profound, though singular views. These speculations are therefore very curious and very interesting; at the

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same time that they are extremely novel. They require deep search of himself and candour on the part of the reader.

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There will also be found in some of the chapters of the volume much interesting matter of a familiar kind—dealing with ordinary life.

Hurry in reading, or superficial purview, as it would neither be just, nor that it would serve for the weighing of the grave subjects treated-of in this disquisition, would be out of place; and wrong, as a frame of mind, brought to bear upon the book. Candour, and freedom from prejudice, are necessary before even the angle of thought shall be gained, at which the sequence of the volume shall be—not to speak of its being sagely—certainly even *justly* followed-out. Combined with the examination of these difficult subjects, will be found purely entertaining narrative; of simple, every day cast, in parts of the book.





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## SUMMING-UP.

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A "PERSONAL SAVIOUR," OR AN "ABSTRACTION;"  
WHICH SHALL IT BE?  
FOR THE DECISION MUST BE ARRIVED AT,  
AND THE CHOICE MADE;  
AND THAT VERY SPEEDILY IN  
THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CHURCH,  
AND OF SOCIETY;  
WHICH LATTER UNIVERSALLY TAKES SIDE  
WITH SCIENCE,  
AND DENIES DEFINED OR ANY PERSONALITY IN  
THE SAVIOUR.





## PREFATORY ANALYSIS.

### INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER AS TO THE DESIGN AND PURPOSES OF THE BOOK.

**C**UR Book, we think, will be found to be an interesting production, because it treats of the meaning of every part of a Christian Church ; all the architectural divisions composing which people are accustomed every day to pass over with no examination, little imagining that their whole theology has been written architecturally outside and inside a Church. Thus, a Gothic Church, or any Church, is like a language which is wholly unintelligible, because it needs an interpreter to explain its hieroglyphs. Just as the alphabet is the means of comprehending what a person means to say in a language ; for the letters form words, and words the tongue.

We also propose to institute a close examination into what those singular and highly important objects, the Lighted Candles at the altar, in the Christian religious celebration, should really mean ; and why they are considered as so indispensable in the transaction

## INTRODUCTION.

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of the highest rite, the Eucharist or Holy Sacrament. Also, why, by another body of religionists, they should be averted-from with a species of superstitious fear, and be regarded as deserving absolute and thorough abnegation. Are they true, Christian, vital emblems? Or are they heathen idols, signifying strange forbidden things? And what is this wonderful thing, LIGHT?—truly a stupendous phenomenon in the view, askance of it, as it were; the side glance which gives truth. Significant fire then—that is flame elevated on the tops of candles—Fire abstractedly—fire, or rather “Light,”—for Light or Flame is the flower, crown, or glory, of that growing thing, Fire, which has heat for its radix. Fire, in brief, is scrupulously presented as the holy, attesting, crowning, and completing witness-to, and the sanctifier-of, our highest religious rite. Now, this fire or flame, in religious worship, whether it be viewed in its use as reprehensible, or whether it be regarded as grand and admirable, (and indispensable,) is very AWFUL. These are strange questions. We may, therefore, claim pardon, doubtless, for considerable strangeness in the mode of their discussion. The importance of these subjects of investigation is already well understood; and, indeed, they cannot be well over-rated. We shall, consequently, no farther enlarge upon the acknowledged greatness of those points of our discussion in the present place, or as on the threshold—so to speak—of our book.

The meaning of the lighted candles, or of light upon the altar; (and whether the latter is to be re-

## INTRODUCTION.

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garded as an altar or a table,—for the interpretation of these two different terms is most important)—are the objects of dispute which will be examined in the following treatise. The whole inlook is confessedly upon one of the most difficult questions which can occupy the attention of speculators or of Christians. We have, therefore, sought to gain clear ideas in order to settle the following points of doubt. First, whether this notion of miracle—not to say the conviction of it—is *at all within the reach*, or can, in any way, consist with men's capacity to understand it. Secondly, to ascertain whether, if there are answering powers in man's mind adequate to conceive the idea of miracle, whether there can be any means whereby we can penetrate to the reason with it. That the Blessed Eucharist is a miracle wholly, (if anything at all,) everyone will admit. Therefore, we contend for miracle, as we contend for positive revealed religion.

The subject is the reasonableness—even in faith—of this thing miracle. The examination for the acute enquirer implies that of the transcendental doctrine of this Eucharistic Sacrifice—so all-powerful and everlasting. We would enquire whether this should in possibility have any picture, or resemblance, or likelihood, or meaning in that world for ideas—for there must be a world somehow—*exterior to man*. Following out—or rather as its necessary consequence—this topic for examination, there will come the chief point; and this is the dilemma whether anything like miracle or cross, independent, contradictory, clearly-seeming-impos-

## INTRODUCTION.

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sible action upon the laws of the world, is possible. We all are sufficiently aware that the belief of a thing may be all of the thing. But the vital point to resolve seems to us to be whether there is anything of this supposed reality out of any one man's mind, or out of all men's minds. For mind of one kind or other must be esteemed the measure of everything; for nothing can be conceived without mind—which makes everything.

The whole doctrine of the Sacrament, whether viewed as an Eucharistic Personality, a Sacrifice, or as "Transubstantiation," or considered as a mystic, Spiritual Partaking of physical elements in a merely figurative and reminding, quietly speculative sort of way—the coldest form of the Sacrament—is remote and abstruse in the very highest degree. It is mystic, remote, and abstruse enough even for man's mind, which is mysterious enough of itself already. All thinkers know this, and will immediately entirely grant the wonders of the human mind. The celebration of the Sacrament, whether in the form of the Sacrifice of the Roman Catholic Mass, or in the mere partaking in memory of the Bread and Wine, is a rite. Now a is duty—duty is appeasement—appeasement is sacrifice—sacrifice is an acknowledgment of the necessity of atonement of some kind, and of the possibility of propitiation—propitiation implies something that is wrong, which is to be mortified-for. And that to be mortified-for—as must naturally follow—is a blot, falling-off, or original sin in the very idea of humanity, as witnessed in this mortal state;—which

## INTRODUCTION.

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defect would seem also to carry the whole visible frame of creation, (or of substance,) with it. This must, somehow, be a fallen or evil natural state—of itself hopeless. We must recognise the fact; though the human mind may not grasp the—why?

Now, apart from dogma, doctrine, and teaching of every kind, it is necessary to enquire before Sacrifice or the truths of sacramental consecration, or the operative reception of the Sacrament are felt or admitted whether we make a mistake—or IT is made a mistake. In other words, whether miracle or an impossible thing, *can be a possible thing*. Now this impossible thing it is impossible to find possible in HUMAN REASON, which is sure to reject it; and which, inasmuch as it is reason, literally has rejected it before it is offered to it. The first proposition, in the clear mind, to discuss and settle, is whether there may not be things possible—of course, in other knowledge; (the things, perhaps, not seeming to us to be things at all)—which are unmistakeably impossible in all this knowledge, or apparatus, or machinery of human intelligence, as applied in ordinary comprehension. And what is ordinary comprehension? In our dreams we have ordinary comprehension; for our sight, our judgment, and our appreciation, are as perfect to the round of objects presented then to us, as our comprehension is in the waking state. We put this test to every person's experience, whether it be not true. We awake, in the first moment of the inlet of sense, to our waking state, or real life, as the DREAM—fallen back into it as it were;—and we feel

## INTRODUCTION.

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the other state, which has slipped from us, leaving us no feeling except that it was somehow *real*, as the real state. Incongruities are all ordinary truth—real truth—in dreams. In fact, we may really do things unknowingly in a real world in dreams—things which may bind us. For dreams are as the neutral encamping ground on the frontier of this world and the next—the dreamer's face tells us where he is, and that he is far gone, indeed, in it. Dreams are the mysterious region whose horizon is always wavering like the waves of the sea; where interpreters from either side may come to exchange that secret truth that may hold as God's fact *both ways*. Perhaps ALL is taught in dreams—taught the unconscious soul, for use not in this world, wherein it is extinguished; but capable of having all the impress brought to knowledge in the new light—soul fire—directed into it at the right time from the other world—always forward of us. The conviction and the complacency over the monstrosities of dreams can only arise from the fact that when we are awake it is our organized bodies which make us; through which the “other things” come:—true to themselves when we are awake, because the dream's accounts are monstrosities; true to themselves when we are asleep, because it is that a new apprehension is that to which they disclose *then*; and that the body, with its senses, gives them not, as in waking, like a field of view presented at the wrong end of a telescope. Thus, the body will be the thought—when a man is “in his body,” or awake. Where he goes otherwise who shall tell? Love—hatred—views of things—

## INTRODUCTION.

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reasons—actuating motives—acts, *are all dreams*, because we see them done in our mind when they are not done. Thus the human reason is no guide even to itself; and, since it is wholly body, and the body is devil-made matter as the vehicle for the panorama of HIS false shows—or for the world—then the Devil must be the human reason; and Light, or Ecstatic Seizure (Inspiration) must be that to trample IT (the world) and HIM—that Great One—the Master of it. Thus, granting that “Transubstantiation,” or the miraculous conversion of the physical elements into the body and blood of the Lord and Saviour, may be a dream—still it may equally be true that THE dream is true. Being miracle only on *our* side the fact (body and, therefore, unbelievable); but, being truth on the *other side* of the fact, and, therefore, *true truth*, and not seeming truth—and Spirit, or direct communication from heaven to earth; or the Holy Rapture caught instant sight-of and lost—“in the twinkling of an eye” :—making miracle possible, and possibility miracle.

In the Treatise following it has, therefore, been humbly sought to dissipate these fogs of human supposed certainty and so to loosen the cinctures which rigidly bind in the considering mind—when it has the subject of the possibility of Transubstantiation—or of the Real Presence—submitted—or rather enforced—to it, that this Real Outside Thing may be admitted: made impossible to be denied.

The divine side of the nature of the Saviour is only possible in an admission of these supernatural

## INTRODUCTION.

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conclusions. Much thought has been expended to narrow these “contentions” in the language of lawyers—in the terms of the logicians they are called issues. A certain point of travel for reader and writer has been endeavoured to be attained; where the necessity should be felt of saying farewell to all logic, and of bidding withdrawal to all limiting definitions or contractive supposed (only supposed) truths. We here refuse wholly to recognize the natural as the means of explanation, or as the basis on which to consider the supernatural. The natural can never explain the supernatural. They are as the two several poles, possibly of the same magnet; but the office to one is to repel, while to the other it is to attract. There is a chasm between these two high promontories of conception, as it were; total, hopeless, everlasting. These can never be bridged-over, except by the trajectory of a chord of unreasoning faith; that is, by rapture, or removal, however temporary, out of this mathematical world. Now to apply arguments as a means for the construction of a supposed possible reasoning bridge between these two mutually destroying points of the “natural” and the “supernatural,” is useless. It is like hewing away in argument—or through material means—the already tentative, soul-urging, successful, shadowy aspiration, which in magic sight and in ghostly yearning is now—in the moment—crossing the bridge invisibly, and laying the beam, as of divine light, of that immortal God’s line over which to pass. This magic fails—passes off impalpably—when it is sought to grasp it with real hands. Of the natural

## INTRODUCTION.

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and the supernatural, it may be said that they are as two cliffs, separated by an impassable sea. The one is wholly true, and the only true in this world; and the other is wholly true, and the only true in the other world. We have likened the natural and the supernatural to the two poles of the same magnet. At all events, if natural and supernatural should present this resemblance of magnets, they start invariably in instinctive necessity of repulsion and extinguishment of each other. The baffled mind would vainly try to pass with its familiar senses, as with the means of knowing the supernatural—seeking from the last rock of the natural some ground or holding-point upon the preternatural. Thou shalt not do it! Roll back to earth, thou vain, realistic, unbelieving man, thy world's consistent reasons! These shall never be thy bridge. Deny the miracle. Take back thy mistaken means. Essay not to cross that AWFUL GULF in thy daring, between man's matters and God's matters. Thou shalt never achieve it with thy human reason. Be assured that until thou placest thy foot on thy best *facts*, and tramplest them up as the cinders and the plausibilities of the devil, no wings shall grow to thee to bear thee up into the rapture of conviction. Thou shalt not ever know that thy Redeemer can—or shall—appear to thee amidst his splendours on that Altar of Miracle—the real, the element-converted Christ. Present “Once”—present “Ever,” in the faith that itself makes;—in the faith that shows God to thee as LIVING and PERSONAL.

An important portion of our essay has been devoted

## INTRODUCTION.

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to the subject of Altar Lights, and to their real meaning ; mystic, celebrative, and indispensable. Either they are commemorative and instrumental in worship, in a vital degree—either they have supernatural potency in the Eucharistic Service, or they are mere useless ornaments—better removed—of no consequence or significance ; whose absence in this supposed meaninglessness would be better than their presence. Indispensable—and to be dispensed with—they are not. Both they cannot be. They cannot be both real and unreal. Service must be no service without them ; or they are merely indifferent, passable, permissible objects—only adjuncts to form ; cold, obstructive. A form of the Lord's Supper is vain and useless without its central object, or the Presence of the Lord Himself. The Candles on the Altar are either this unnecessary, informal furniture ; or—lighted—they are living witnesses to the “Centre Presence,” burning as typical of the celestial fire—miracle-fire—God's fire :—the fire of the Apostles and of the Holy Ghost—fire, or rather RADIANCE, which is pure, unstained, inexpressibly searching, transfluent ;—so intense and supernaturally unsearchable, vivifying, and holy, that in its inconceiveable height of brightness—eternal, without beginning or end—it is light yet as the deepest, densest-clouded, impenetrable shadow of God—all light being all dark, and the darkest (because the lightest) ; from the beginning of time. This is the Immortal Light, typified in the natural lights burning on the altar ;—the great fiery “Idea” of which, as it cannot endure matter, so it rejects, annihilates, puts it under foot, searches

## INTRODUCTION.

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through, *crushes it again into light*, purges and consumes matter; putting it out wholly of the world's spirit, life, and knowledge. This is the heavenly and heavenward, upward office of fire—*fire which rises against gravity*, seeking in its celestial aspiration again the heaven from which it descended. We have examined very closely the meaning of these mystic ceremonial candles. With great humility, and with exceedingly depressing diffidence as to the results of our task, and of our hold in these things in the reader's mind, (notwithstanding the efforts which we have made to render ourselves intelligible,) we now conclude. The foregoing will serve as a sort of elucidating introduction of the nature—and as explanatory of the kind of means whereby we shall propose to establish the theological conclusions of this book. Thus much—and in regard to the arguments on the lights—we have only desired to urge for some new comprehension in the preface; or in the introductory portion of our work, as to the important objects of this treatise.

Therefore we have boldly—thinking that the time in the Church is fitted for it—placed upon our title-page the alternative—

“LIVE LIGHTS, OR DEAD LIGHTS” :—

which alternative means the choice of

“ALTAR OR TABLE,”

in the Christian religion.

For—sweeping away all the dispute concerning both—it *must* be an “altar” or a “table” to which we approach to worship;—and at which table we propose

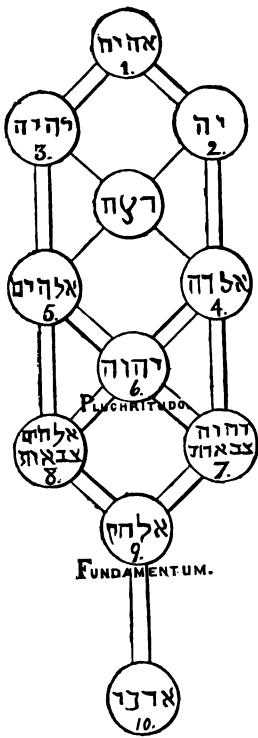
## INTRODUCTION.

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to partake—meaning and intending that all our religious service should transact and be offered in the real and efficacious presence of Christ, and not simply by implication in his distant consent and allowance merely; independent of his personal presidency, and his immediately actual, though divine approach. We need His extended hands, to assist and to sanctify. Jesus Christ is not to be sat-down-with as at a table; though, as a Prince and a President at our rite. Surely, when He is manifested at—and upon—his altar as the “LORD,” we are rather to bend before Him—to kneel before Him as suppliants; recognizing and hiding our eyes in shame as the unworthy children of the polluted earth, and as the natural born partakers of a doom—except for the saving mysteries of that act of “Crucifixion,” which HE, who is “All,” has undergone for us.







# אֵלֶּן הַקָּבָלָה

ARBOR KABBALISTICA.



## MYSTIC CHRISTIANITY.

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The Diagrams—or Schemes or Figures illustrating This Work, are constructed as explaining—in a certain sense—the illuminated speculations of the Early Fathers, in their ideas of Christianity.

The Plans or Illustrations take as their foundation the Talmud and the Targums, and the other various commentaries of the Hebrew interpreters of Scripture. Altogether the contents of the present work may be said to be educed not only from those ancient authorities upon the “Religion of the Cross,” the “Fathers,” but greatly from—perhaps the most penetrating and profound of Christian theosophic speculators—namely Jacob Boehm, (or Behme.) Also from another searching mathematical, scriptural commentator of the more modern day—William Whiston; than whom, no one is more distinguished for his great knowledge.

(Altogether we have reproduced the closest arguments of the acute professed critics and expositors of the Old and the New Testament; and connected them all—in the latter part of the Book—with much subtle ancient writing. The whole is an attempt to gain

MYSTIC CHRISTIANITY.

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CLEAR ideas as to Christian doctrine. Up to the present period an elucidation of the mysticism of Jacob Boehm, (the head of the Christian theosophists), has not been attempted ; and we are the first to give some of his sublime views, which have wholly been misunderstood and underrated.

(Our book is doubtless the important attempt to harmonise the "Personal Godhood of Christ"—who of course is the very centre and power of the Christian Religion—with the views of religion held in the Monotheistic Faith—that is principally in the Jewish faith.

Mahomedanism is founded on Judaism. Even some of the Mahomedan religious speculators, (when they expanded in their views, and did not jealously narrow)—were singularly faithful— even Christian almost in certain senses—in their ideas of the foundation of Religion generally.

It is also humbly intended in this Book to recognize up to the proper extent, and to sum in the likelihood of revelation to them in a special manner, precognitive Messianic true ideas among the ancient philosophers—whether of India, of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome. All which theosophic systems, at last culminate into Christianity—that is in the belief of the need of "Propitiation," and of an "Intercessor;" and that that Intercessor is Jesus the Christ.

The main object of our Treatise is to aim clearly at the bringing of the ideas of "Heaven" and "Man"

MYSTIC CHRISTIANITY.

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nearer together by dismissing at once—as springing from the earth only—all the ordinary merely sensible and tangible methods of looking upon the SACRAMENT. Through these latter means the sacrament only becomes a cold formality—truly safe insofar as it “gives little trouble.” We do not seek to array reasons for (or reasons against) probabilities—dealing with these in the human or logical way. We, on the contrary, dismiss wholly the realistic interpretation of the Sacrament, arguing for the possibility of the “Personal God” not through our “thoughts,” which have their basis in the REASON, but through our “FEELINGS,” which give FAITH sometimes without any REASON for it. And yet it is possible—in Divine matters—that this “faith,” without “reason,” may be TRUE; and that the instinctive belief is better than the thoughtful persuasion. In other words that learning may LEAD AWAY, while instinct may TEACH. And that, in this way, we may become as the “little children,” of whom the Saviour declares that “of such only is the

“KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”





THE MEASUREMENTS OF THE COURTS OF  
THE TEMPLE CORRESPONDING TO THE  
“SEVEN HEAVENS.”

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COURTS.	HEAVENS.
First Court, 20 cubits	First Heaven, 2 miles
Second Court, 38 "	Second Heaven, 3½ "
Third Court, 150 "	Third Heaven, 19 "
Fourth Court, 150 "	Fourth Heaven, 19 "
Fifth Court, 18 "	Fifth Heaven, 2 "
Sixth Court, 46 "	Sixth Heaven, 6 "
Seventh Court, 28 "	Seventh Heaven, 3½ "
<hr/>	
Cubits 450	Miles 55

It may be noted—That those “that are unto the Fourth Heaven” over the People’s Courts, up to No. 3 —(refer to plan, p. 23)—are “Holy Ones” (Angels).

N.B.—The above is described from numerous of the most ancient authorities. Also digested from the critical compilations of William Whiston.





## MYSTIC SPECULATIONS IN REGARD TO THE “TRINITY.”

*(Abstracted specially from the ideas of the Early Fathers.)*

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### GOD, THE FATHER.

Under Whom as His special Immediate Ministers are the following:—Nine Great Orders of Invisible Beings, taken out of the “Apostolical Constitutions” of the earliest writers on Christianity.

EMPYRÆUM.—*First Division.* 1. Seraphim.

2. Cherubim.

3. Angels of the Presence.

### GOD, THE SON.

ETHERÆUM.—*Second Division.* 4. Archangels.

5. Thrones.

6. Dominions.

### GOD, THE HOLY GHOST.

#### ELEMENTARY REGION.

*Third Division.* 7. Principalities.

8. Authorities.

9. Powers.

The names of the Principal Angels, or Principal

MYSTIC SPECULATIONS IN REGARD TO THE "TRINITY."

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Archangels or Dominions, are in number Seven; and their habitation or locality is denominated as in the "Sixth Heaven."

(Israel. Prayer of Joseph. Authentic Records, p. 445, 446.)

The First Angel or "Tributary Lord of Heaven or Champion of the Hosts of the LORD GOD" is MICHAEL; (of whom see Dan. x. 13-21, xii. 1; Jude v. 9; Book of Enoch, sec. 4-8.)

The Second Great Angel or "Subject King in the Courts of God, or Representative Messenger of the Most High," is GABRIEL. (Dan. viii. 16, x. 21; Luke i. 19-26; Book of Enoch, sec. 4-7.)

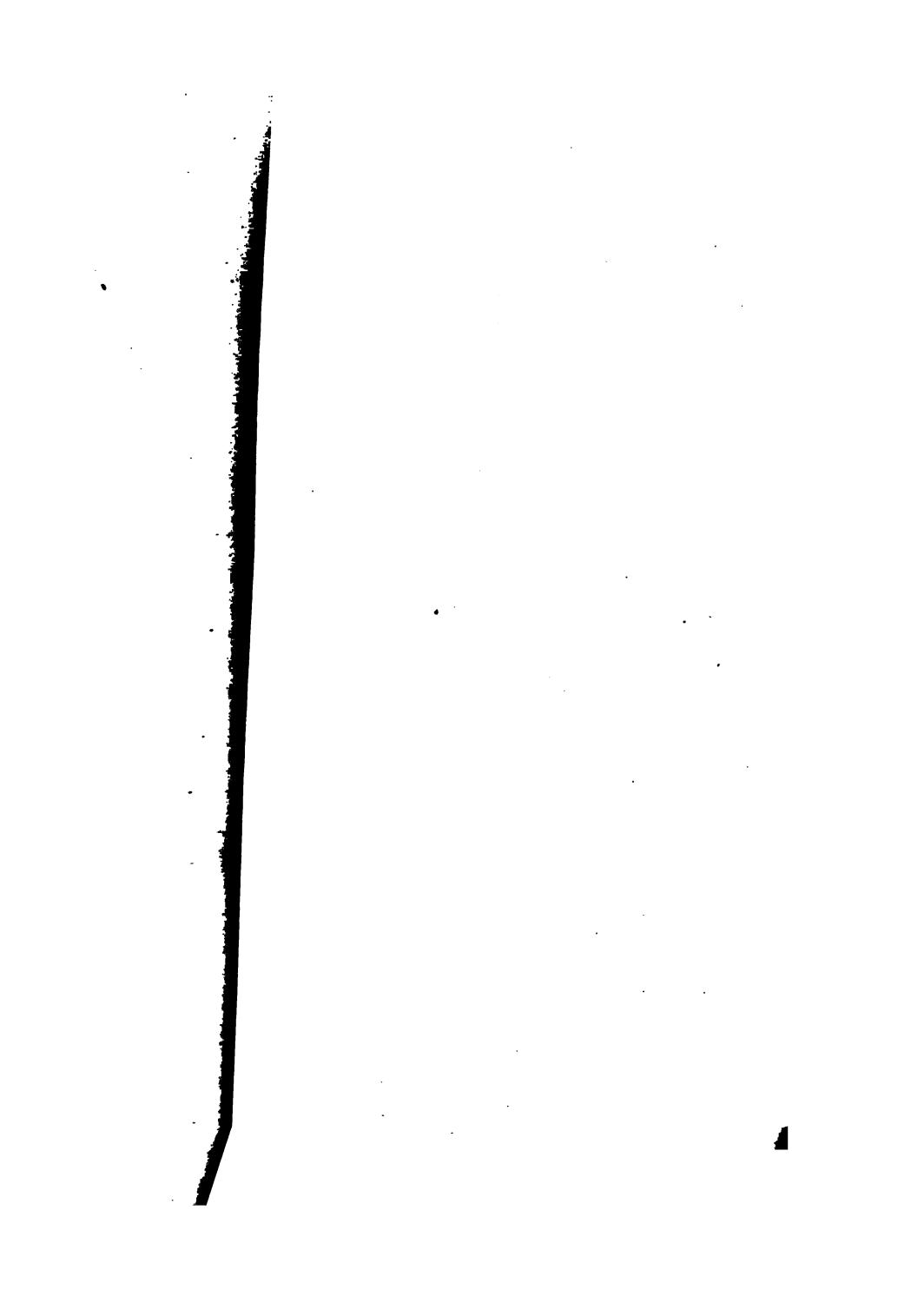
The Third Chief Angel is RAPHAEL—(references and proofs concerning whom are to be found in Tobit xii. 15; Book of Enoch, sec. 4-6.)

The Fourth Leading Angel or Archangel is URIEL. (Esdras iv. 1, x. 28; Book of Enoch, sec. 4, 5.)

The Fifth Archangel is JEREMIEL. (Esdras iv. 36.)

In regard of the Sixth and the Seventh Angel of the Presence. See Zech. iv. 10; Apoc. i. 4, 5, viii. 2, 3, 4, 5; Matt. xviii. 10; Acts xii. 15; 1 Tim. v. 21; and Mede Op., p. 53-57.)









## THE JEWISH TEMPLE.

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The Jewish Temple presents a plan with its several Courts answering to the abstract Idea of the Seven Heavens. The Temple of the Jews is a grand stellar parallel scheme, displaying the theoretical mystic dispositions of the "Angelic Universe;" or the whole of the Creation of God.

Refer to the "Testament of Levi;" sections 2, 3, 5, and other ancient records. *Wisd.* ix. 8-15, 16; *Heb.* viii. 5; and *Sophonias ap. Clem. Alex.* See *Grabe "Spicileg."* Sec. ii., p. 133-140. *Iren.* li., sec. 9. *Alcoran*, chap. i., and "Life of Mahomet," p. 21-24.

"These are 'Holy Ones.' The SUPREME GLORY inhabits above all, in the Holy of Holies, above all sanctity."

"Christ is ascended far above all Heavens." *Eph.* iv. 10.

"He is made higher than the Heavens." *Heb.* vii. 20.

### SIXTH HEAVEN.

In the lower after the above are the Angels of the Presence, or the Principal Archangels of the Lord, who

#### THE JEWISH TEMPLE.

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minister and make atonement (unto the Lord) for all the Sins of Ignorance of the Righteous. These offer to the Lord, as a sweet savour, a “reasonable and unbloody sacrifice.” Apoc. viii. 3, 4, 5.

“And the Spirit took me, and led me into the Fifth Heaven, and I contemplated” (from the Fifth) “those Angels” (in the Sixth) “which were called Lords” (Dominions). “And their diadems were put on them through” (or by) “the Holy Spirit. And every one of their Thrones was seven times brighter than the Sun at his rising. They inhabited the Temples of Salvation, and sang Hymns to God who is the Ineffable, and the Most High.” *Sophonias the Prophet, Ap. Clem. Alex. Book 5, p. 585.*

“I saw in Paradise the Great Angels of the Ministry, and they cried, Holy, Holy, Holy!” Book of Enoch. Authentic Records, p. 287.

#### FIFTH HEAVEN.

In this—which is under the above—are those Angels who carry answers to the “Angels of the Presence of the Lord.”

#### FOURTH HEAVEN.

In this Fourth Division are the “Thrones” and “Authorities”—the spaces of Heaven wherein Hymns are offered to God perpetually.

## THE JEWISH TEMPLE.

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### THIRD HEAVEN.

In the Third Heaven are the “Powers of Hosts”—(Powers and Hosts); which are ordained against the Day of Judgment to execute vengeance on the “Spirits of Error” and “Belial.” These are called up for their operations out of the Second Heaven”—which is underneath.

“I saw a Third Heaven,” (2 Cor. xii. 2), “much more splendid than these two—for its altitude was immense. And I said to the Angel:—Wherefore is this? And the Angel said to me—Do not thou wonder that thou art but in the *Third Heaven* of these Heavens. For thou shalt see Four Other Heavens more splendid, and incomparably, and surpassingly more glorious, when thou shalt ascend thither.”

### SECOND HEAVEN.

“I, Levi, entered from out of the First Heaven into the Second Heaven—and there I saw water,” (*metuera*; medium), “extended between these two latter Heavens.”

“The Second Heaven is the ‘Elementary Region.’”

### FIRST HEAVEN.

“The lowest sphere, region, or ‘Heaven’ is, on that account, most removed from the EXALTED LIGHT, and therefore it is the most melancholy. The cause is that its lower frontier is on all the unrighteousness of

THE JEWISH TEMPLE.

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mortality. And because that it is the 'Region' wherein operate the influences of the 'Prince of the Powers of the Air,' therefore it is encumbered spiritually, and filled fully with the elementary fumes. These are temptations, error, sin, wrong, disease, warfare, the things of the world, the affirmations and the wrestling-together, (so to speak), out of which evoke the grand achievements of the mortal reason and the intellectual splendours of the Apostate Lucifer, the 'Light of the Material World,' and therefore the 'False-Light Bringer.'

- Or the greater, (*in the Flesh*), 'Light-Bringer.'—'LUCIFERENT: LIGHT-BRINGING.'

See, also, in reference to the "Nine Orders of Invisible Beings, or Angels":—Is. vi. 2, 6; xxvii. 16.  
2 Thess. i. 7. 1 Thess. iv. 16. Cor. i. 16. Eph. i. 21.  
1 Pet. iii. 22. Eph. iii. 10; vii. 35.

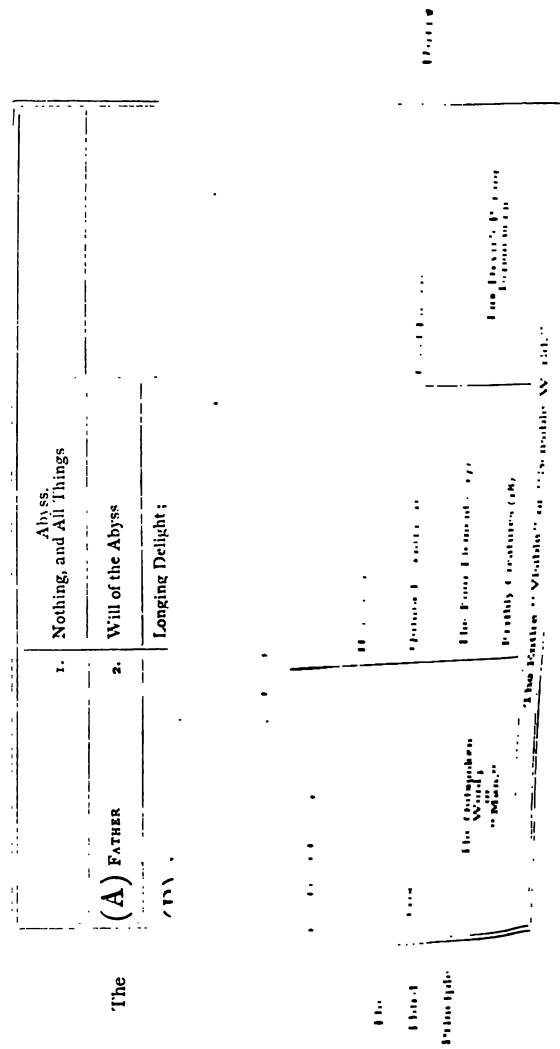
In addition, refer to vii. Book, 12 sec. "Ignatius et Tertullian."—also sec. 5. *Dionysius Areop. Cœlest.—Hierarch.* vi. 2.

It may be noticed that in none of the foregoing authorities is the same relative order preserved as to the "Sphere" of these traditional orders of "Angels." But the general account is preserved in relation to their speculative history; and moreover the number of "spheres" or "regions" is invariably rendered as nine or ten in number.





TRABULATED THEOSOPHICAL SYSTEM FROM JACOB BEHME.  
WHAT GOD IS, viz.—Without, or beyond, “Nature” and “Creature.”





TRANSCRIPT EXPLANATORY OF THE  
FOLLOWING MYSTIC CHRISTIAN  
SCHEME OF JACOB BOEHM.

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THE FIRST PRINCIPLE.

OD What GOD is, (considered as without and beyond NATURE and CREATURE. And what the GREAT MYSTERY—*Mysterium Magnum*—should be. Shewing how GOD hath—by his “Breathing forth,” or “SPEAKING” introduced HIMSELF into Nature and Creature.

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THE SECOND PRINCIPLE.

IN Here beginneth the Great Mystery—*Mysterium Magnum*.—Namely—the *Distinction* in the speaking of the “Word.” Wherein the “WORD” through the WISDOM becometh distinct. Also the evocation of *Natural*, Sensible, Perceptible and Palpable, (or Inventible) MEANS. Whereby the *Two Eternal Principles* of God’s *Love and Anger*—in *Light* and *Darkness*, in *Good* and *Evil*, in *Reason* and *Faith*, in *Heaven* and *Hell*,

TRANSCRIPT EXPLANATORY SCHEME.

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in Real Things and in Unreal Things, in Body and in Spirit — are, in the fullest fear and reverence, to be thought upon. And if such should be the grace to the thinker—to be *understood*.

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THE THIRD PRINCIPLE.

Here beginneth the Outward — the “Visible World”—viz., the Outspoken visible “WORD.” Wherein—

Firstly.—Is understood the Good Life of the Creature which stands in the “Quintessence.”

Secondly.—The Poison and the Grossness of the Earth, and the “corruption” of the Daily Earthly Life.

Thirdly.—The Possible “Escape” in the newly-lighted World of the “REVERY.”

Now, if the Reader can understand these things, all doubts and questions will cease in him; and “Babel,” (the tyranny of talk), be wholly escaped; be trodden into victory — or into inspired conviction.

TRI-  
NITY.





## CHAPTER I.

### SUNDAY IN LONDON.

“But the sound of the Church-going bell  
These vallies and rocks never heard.”



HIS is a truthful, melancholy apostrophe of the lonely Alexander Selkirk. The real man of the desert island.

There is something inexpressibly sweet and touching in the opening of a Sabbath morn—or of a Sunday morning, as I, more in consonance with reality and the affairs of this every day world, choose to designate it.

Who is there that has not felt the calm and the relief which the arrival of the Sunday morning brings? We who are “in city pent” wake under peculiar circumstances of alleviation to the fact that we are in this Sunday, seventh day. The voyage of a week has terminated safely in its harbour. We drop our anchor; and the men are

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warned-off duty for a time. That windlass of work is to be left alone with its whines and creak. We can look out at God's sky. And we can be tranquil, and be let alone.

Sunday is hallowed of the Lord. It is essentially the day of rest. No face of business, with its exacting and not-to-be-refused demand back to the hard things of this world, will meet you on this day. You are safe for one day from the "uprising of the sun even to his going down again." All the hours of the day may be marked by you on the church clocks—for we naturally look to church clocks on the Sunday—without that sudden painful conviction, and the worrying reminder once occurring to you, that you are to be summoned by any church clock to an engagement. You draw your breath at ease. You draw your watch also from your waistcoat-pocket with no hurried, eager, uncomfortable snatch in your disturbed petulance; insisting even in the patient, much-enduring white face of your innocent watch that the hour *shall not be* what perhaps to your alarm you find, (in a second look,) it is. You can "smile and smile, and be"—a free man; an easy, composed, leisurely man.

All this is consolatory. But let us linger a little on Sunday, and on the private, quiet, unexpressed,

unacknowledged feelings which go with this blessed day—safe from duns, safe from worry, safe from masters, safe from taskmasters, safe from all annoyance except the “clergyman;” who may, or may not administer to you some hard rubs, which as they are addressed to your conscience only, you will not feel very severely; at all events in your body. For you sit in your seat at Church with no one to look at you with irritated business eyes. And you are dressed in your Sunday’s clothes, and you know that the priestly rebuke, if you do not let it do so, will not interfere with the tranquil enjoyment of the day. Your hot dinner at home, (my poor friend,) is to be fetched from the bake-house in the whitest of clean napkins. Or it is being dressed, (failing dressing herself,) by your careful wife; whose ministrations (for she is obliged to be “home minister” as well as a sort of distant “Church minister,”) because they are Sunday’s, are at the chimney’s side. Still, notwithstanding her industry with roasting-jack and pots and pans, and all those sorts of Sunday morning kitchen-surrounding,—even though her kitchen be in the second-floor-front in town, or looking out upon hollihocks and beautiful flowers in the country—still though she be here with sleeves tucked-up and all in the dis-array and fidget of

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her culinary duties ; still she is at a sort of church of her own. For while she hears the saucepan simmer, her mind is intent upon the holy service going on at the Church where her children and their father probably are. The father is proud of the clean dress of his good-looking children, and is looking-up pleased at the minister, whilst he says the responses audibly enough ; and the children, especially the little ones, are dwelling on the nice Sunday's dinner, which they recognise as signallising, and, in one sense, rewarding, that quiet day's pleasant church-going. For Sunday is pleasant to children ; and church-going is also.

There the good English humble mother will be ; saying her prayers at her duties, and letting her children at church sing psalms or hymns for her. She thinks certain good quiet thoughts all by herself, while the stray coach-wheels rumble by.

For it is Sunday. And all things are quiet on this day ; even the birds.

Let us return to this poor woman on the Sunday morning.

She has thankfulness for her Sunday's peace. She feels in her trustful, simple way near to Heaven. Those good friends and holy men, the Apostles, know her. Moses and his rebukes, and Aaron, though milder, are severe ; but the

reverence felt for them in her simple heart is deep indeed. The children are at the place where the Saints are. For has not HE said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not?" and they are suffered to go; and her husband, and their father, has taken them; and all her family are at Church. And they are clean presented; as offered to God. They have gone to that place which is as the stately royal Court to her. And the holy Sunday Church bells have been as the reminder, and the invitation to attend the Court. That "Court of God" where the angels attend and wait.

Ah my good friend, (the good husband of such good woman as I have, in my Sunday's imagination, depicted for you to have) knowing as she does that you; and that your (and her) little children at Church are praying for her, she is happy. *Her* altar is temporarily your own hearth. Her church service is her decent household-duties, sacred to God and man; her choristers are the many little birds, (even the sparrows,) which come fluttering past the window; her celebrants are the noise of humble, familiar, domestic implements; her holy influences and cherubic garb are the white, quiet-looking clouds which, in the shining summer blue sky, are coming up as sweeping royal trains,

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to veil, (not to shadow,) the church service, which universally, in town and country, in village and metropolis, all England is rendering at that hour. Thousands of steeples "pointing like finger-tip" to Heaven. All England is at Church, or seems to be at Church, on Sunday.

These remembrances console the working-man's wife in town as she stands, on the Sunday morning, at the fire even in the hot summer. There she is set; pausing and ruminating for a moment before that unconscious new turn to the jack is made; or mayhap the saucepan lid is lifted, from which a cheerful jet of promising culinary steam issues. Being a bright, hot, summer morning the window is open, and there is the quiet of the street outside, silent as midnight; with only a stray footfall which sounds as if he who caused it was himself ashamed of not being at Church. The street is all Sunday. The silence is Sunday. The sky is Sunday—also the clouds; and of course the steeples are Sunday. The strong light, too, coming through the window and lighting-up not only the room but everything clearly in it, is Sunday; only twinkled for a moment, (as the effect seems,) by a chance bird flying across, for hasty purpose; straight athwart the window and then disappearing in the sun.



Sunday is the period of rest for all workers. The business man lies longer in bed. You, my friend of the world, you do not disturb yourself so soon. You are secure in your castle of pillow. You are not so promptly stirred by things moving close outside your bedroom even. You think the world can wait. You do not hurry out of bed, and attire yourself in a fearing and in a fearful haste ; caught late perhaps, with the sound of the wheels sharply to tease you. You have not that sensation of there being wide-awake people tramping up and down-stairs about the house. You have not that sense which troubles you on a week day, when you suspect yourself to be rather late, that all the world is awake ; and that the people are dressed and staringly prepared for the business of the day, and despising you. You have not that tremendous glare of activity outside that seems to drive you wild ; till you, yourself, are in it, and can scorn others in your turn.

Truly, the most contemptible of wretches—fallen, fallen from his high estate, like Alexander, (though that high estate be no more than a top attic,) and precipitated down to “zero,” wherever that wingless, ex-animate Tophet of humiliation may be—much talked of, though little known ;—sunk, I mean, to the depths of his self-esteem, is

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the man surprised in his late sleep in the week-day morning ; devoted in the instance of business to all the worries. The contemplation of such a lame one among the daily chirpers may do us good. How he dresses !—with what rapidity are the operations of this “solemn investiture” performed. No political emergence—no sacerdotal, compelled speed, for fear of interruption—ever necessitated such trembling, tumbling investment. He plays a flying fugue, as over the groaning keyboard of his slighted person. How he locks-up the fastenings ; as he becomes a dressed, and, therefore, a real man. How he counts his stops. How his fingers fly over buttons ; skimping here, composing there, wheedling swift towards sufficiency. A Turk’s robe would be the more convenient evolution, if it were possible to throw it over our late man’s shoulders. And, disregarding the complexities of waistcoat and of nether-garments, could he but betake himself into that quickest of all covering, and dart to his business in the city, or elsewhere, thus unceremoniously and natural-like ! But the people would look !

The manner in which the late getter-up slurs and ill-treats his proper dress would demand denunciation in the interest of tailoring, to which I feel myself altogether now unequal. Could

the sleeper surprised stop the clock?—could he stop the *sun* (child as he is—like most of us at the moment in which we are “caught”—in his helpless fancies)!—could this man, like Joshua, when the wheels of the destinies of unnumbered ages waited for the pause, stop the sun, how fortunate, how happy would he be in his small ideas of his small concerns. But the thing cannot be. Very properly it cannot be.

Alas, whence this hurry!—when the effect will be only to linger a poor ten minutes longer, perhaps, in the realms of dreamland. Cheating may be by an angel-solicited side-look into the dream at some suddenly presented new, strange phase of the eternal panorama, that paltry but painful trample over real pins, in the shape of pointed stones, towards that general gloomy goal where, to *his* feeling at least, the waker is sure to arrive too soon. Lie—hurrying man! Lie—half-dead and gone, content and oblivious! Perhaps thou wakest in real life, to commercial personal mischief. Perhaps thou hastenest to “meet thine ache” by just three mistaken, mad, though compelled and unconscious minutes of premature rousing.

Ah, time, time! what hast thou not to answer? Trouble is “shot” thick with thee like some of the singular changeful silks we have seen in

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London shops—gleaming little, blackening much—displayed in mercers' tempting windows in our Regent-street and Bond-street. Tempting anew, in the proffer of spangled tissue and of glorious velvets, to our modern Eve, that spun fig-leaf to hide the first incentive and necessity for “shameful” hiding. Thus man's magnificence may become the very servant of his ignominy. Most of us—all of us—are “sophisticated.” “Unaccommodated man is no more than a poor, bare, forked animal. Off, off, you lendings!” Let us stand, though it be but for a moment, with unpainted truth—paint to be unwelcomely washed-off the pale, reproachful cheeks of outraged truth. Truth—too much painted, too much decked in these modern days! But a whole bookful on the “art of clothes” has been written by a master in the art of magic-tailoring; and, therefore, in these respects, we willingly give place to the philosophic writer on moral vestments—the great author of “Sartor Resartus.”





## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

### SUNDAY IN SUMMER.

**T**is Sunday of which I treat. On a particular morning in a sunshiny summer's day I woke, newly aroused by the sweet-sounding church bells. A sense of relief, which I could hardly at first believe true, came over me. I thought it was but a week-day after all, at first. I imagined, in the confused impressions which seem like "all-world and no-world" in the act of first waking, that I was making a mistake, and that I had slipped a day somehow.

Sleep makes nought of almanacs—sleep, indeed, takes little account even of Time himself—that master of the world, and mover of all things in it, (and out of it.) "It is Saturday," murmured I, "Saturday"; still a day whereon I am to be troubled with the distasteful business of this outside world. When money only, and change for amounts, and

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orders to do these things, and injunctions not to do those other things, would rule.

“Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!” where I could be free from the odious recall of omnibus and of busy wheels, of postmen, and of officious money-grubbing shopkeepers. But, instead of being in a “lodge” in some vast wilderness, or in any “wilderness,” however contracted, though it were but the wilderness of the inner circle, in the Regent’s Park, with the “Holme” only, and Sir Isaac Goldsmid’s villa (pretty residences both), to correct me to my suburban topography:—instead of being in a solitude, I was in London, with roads and streets close about. As I gathered my senses together, and raised my head and saw such a beautiful scene, though it was but in my bedroom, I found, at last, that really it was “Sunday.” The glorious sun, bright and golden, (broad and flashing as the roads to Paradise,) was shining on my opposite wall, and every kind of waving life—but all beautiful in the suggestiveness—was moving in my room.

I rose; and in my first thoughts, before I had quitted my bed, I thanked God that nature itself had made Sunday; that I in reality had cast-off this wearisome, heavy chain of “business” for at least one day; and that I had been spared—

deepening my prayers into heart to thank God for it—to see another day. To see another day, too, in tolerably good health; with no very great disquietude to cause me to be uncomfortable, and that immediately. And no very great trouble; but on the contrary a modicum of peace and certain enjoyment in prospect from fortunate circumstances, (even for a considerable while forward), at my door. And out in the street also.

I strongly advise this first thought of direct prayerful thankfulness to God to my readers, on first waking. The having safely passed over that dangerous “bridge of the night,” through which one might indeed have fallen morally and really; and the being spared once more to come through, and to have the happiness of hailing that beautiful sun again, is pleasure inexpressible. The movement of our limbs is constant, though unconscious enjoyment. The being free from pain, to those who have suffered pain, is in itself intense pleasure. The mere drawing the breath is delightful; though we forget it. Because we have drawn so many breaths that we think not of the pleasure of it at this moment; and of the dreadful chance of never drawing another breath, which might happen.

And those glorious skies of crystal blue, so

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airy, so magically, purely elastic, so inexpressibly spacious, where there is room for any great army of clouds; even for the tents of cloud as they spread and scatter in their multitudinous whiteness, now at this minute, with the fresh-moving air, and the song of birds, and the waving of near, and the quiet-seeming fixed "stand" of the distant venerable boughs of trees; though they may be not branches of oaks of the centuries. Oh! fall on your knees on your rising from bed, and in full gladness, in vividness, and thoroughness of heart—thou *manly* man; manly because thou knowest not only how to PRAY, but art not ashamed that thou doest it, and hast the common decency of candour to acknowledge publicly that thou dost! In fulness of heart thank God like a Christian; nay, *like a man!*—that he has spared thee for another day. Another day in this pleasant world of yours; when you might have been suddenly summoned out of it. In that last terrible night of the call—alone with thy conscience only. Dreadful thought! Another day has arrived to you to see the evening and the morning. Another day to draw your permitted breath, and to live. Another day to see well-beloved faces. Another day to think of those relations gone before. And how little thou thinkest usually of them! Thou

hast another day to be glad that thou are yet here, (in this life of flesh,) to be able to think at all ; or to think about thy deceased friends in the human way.

Every little act of my dressing was a pleasure with these thoughts. Because dressing in itself, when you are in health, is a pleasant process. And it was Sunday into the bargain. Neatness and order, and complacent exactness, seem to belong more properly to this day, almost, than to any other. Even in our dressing, and in our walking and talking, we feel more pleasantly on Sunday.

And then the pleasure of my breakfast, with the beautiful toll of the church-bell to invite me by-and-by to the church. And a look-out is given now and then upon the quiet road, not yet disturbed with the numerous church-goers passing by in their best, and with the ladies with their brilliant parasols up as pretty butterflies. Priests and ministers are properly the objects, and the dominators of Sunday. Charity children are the recognised walkers over the pavements, and the church-bells are the universal music of that quiet day ; that day on which even the omnibusses are set only, as it were, on half duty. We would even undertake to say that the very driver looks more respectfully

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and regardfully, (that is, quietly,) to the right and left on Sunday. That the conductor, usually, (at least in the idea of the passengers), a "rough man," to be thought of with apprehension when the people get out; that he mitigates his ejaculated, defiantly projected notices from side to side, of "Bank,"—"City,"—"Bank,"—"Kensington,"—"Marble Arch,"—"Kilburn," or "Victoria;" restraining his ordinary weekly jocose lightness, and even, if the truth must be said, his audacity of deportment. Beadles are public functionaries always of consequence, we know; but they are of an unfathomable, unsearchable dignity on Sunday. All London seems asleep, and watched by its ecclesiastical officials on Sunday. London, to be a good boy—like a charity boy—must be watched.

Who would seek innovation on such a blessed day of quietness as this Sunday is in England. Away with all rash openers, except pew-openers. Away with all setters-open of either Crystal, or any other Palace; of "British," or any other "Museum;" of any "Gallery of Art," or exhibited collection for instruction on Sunday! Let their doors be all closed-fast, and let their janitors, if not duly and truly at church, be at all events at home, and in the bosom of their

families ; certainly not in the bosom of the “public,” which is a somewhat hard, indurated bosom. The interior of all official buildings is cold and formal to an extreme on Sunday. All officialism is repulsive on Sunday. Let only old housekeepers and their visitors, and children, in their Sunday frocks, look out of the windows of ground-floor public offices in summer, on this blessed Sunday with its quiet. Even the very policeman is at church ; albeit that he is stationed quietly attentive or inattentive at the outside of the church, listening, in the afternoon summer silence, when the swell of the organ comes quiet now and then into the street. The church organs are, indeed, the best interpreters of man’s thoughts on Sunday. For, in London, they seem to have all the street to themselves ; all being “organ” in London on Sunday—that is “church-organ.”

Every pulpit is a throne. There is but one palace to which we wend on the blessed Sabbath-day. And that is God’s house ; whether it be the inexpressibly majestic cathedral or abbey church, the growth of the ages (and their boast) ; the ordinary parish church in London, or the village church in the country, to which even the dead in the churchyard have been clustered as to a rock.

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Aye, the lonely rock ! The refuge place. The altar-pyramid of rock. It is the last signal point of rescue before the invading surges of an universal deluge. It is the "Rock" of which the Scriptures speak. It is the "foundation" of the wise man ; that on which he "built his house." And when the floods came they could not prevail against "that house." For, except for that saving centre, the Rock of God, on which is founded his church, and which rises as the heaven-pointing pyramid or spire, eye-dazzling, in its sunshiny height ; except for this (the single place, or spot of rescue out of the depths of the waters), all is as one seething, widely assailing, dark-blue inundation. We are exposed to whirlpools of religious uncertainty ; to fogs of obscuration ; to disguising and transforming mists of pretentious belief; to plausible sophistry; or to totally obliterating unbelief. Apart from this central island of rock, all is the level hopelessness of the horizon of encircling waters, from above in which—however low it is now—even the sun has sunk. Can the mind imagine any more overpowering solitude than that of a rock in mid-ocean, even though the waves are smooth, and that all sights visible are the still plain of sky above, and the still plain of water below ? Away and apart from this rock all is hopelessness indeed, either in

this world, which is "all world," or in the "next world," (which, in all probability, certainly will have very little of this world in it, or of its presentments.)

Light, and life, and a blue sky are overhead. The only variety in the sky is the speckled assemblage of clouds. The only change, and, therefore, the only trouble, in it, is that offered in the shape of beautiful clouds. Thus, therefore, change, and, therefore, trouble, is beautiful in its way. For out of change comes newness. Out of trouble commonly comes its *cessation*; which is joy. The continual blue sky would be monotonous, if not tempered—that is, altered—with clouds. The momentary deprivation of light (which light would be, otherwise, only too overpowering) expresses, though it be darkness, mercy and thought of us. The purpose of shadow is but to tone. For every object is an object only, in as far as it has its lighted side and its dark side. Just as this world is a world only, because it has its dark and its light side, or its troubles and pleasures, co-extensive; and that the light makes the dark, and that the dark makes the light. For, in this state of half-vision, light must be clouded to be made light at all. It must be light *diluted*, in order that it may be that with which we (human-kind), and our eyesight—which at best

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is but a weak thing—may agree. In this imperfect world, in which it is divinely pre-arranged that we (wanderers in it) shall be led on by expectation, unwistful (that is, unknowing) of what the immediate future may bring, the angels themselves, who are our guides, must only very partially and very jealously disclose. This, for the very purpose, besides that they may not *frighten*, that occasionally they should quit our hands, as they would quit those of little children, to be left for a moment without guidance, or, as in the dark, that the resumption of the hand when it comes again, should be all the more delightful when the careful directing grasp is replaced, or the light again restored. This—to disarm objects of their otherwise fast-gathering terrors. For darkness is terrible. And, if possible, half-darkness is worse and more terrible. For darkness has nothing in it ; *but half-darkness may have everything in it.*

Journies are all of ups and downs. Voyages are alternations of sunshine and of storm. "Such is life," is the inscription on the appropriate picture to life of the ship tossed on the waves. That floor underneath us is certainly very insecure, whether it be the moral floor or the real floor. Planks, or platitudes, alike give way. They let us through.

The journey must have its interruptions and its hazards, in order that it may be a "journey,"—that is, a progress, with events in it. In one word, without shadow, how should we have light? Without trouble, how should we know life? Old age, and the consequent dulling of our faculties, and the blunting to the vividness of external enjoyment, are, doubtless, only a part of God's great scheme of beneficence. That blunting to the excess of the feeling of delight which old age gradually brings, as the repetition of the suns becomes almost tiresome, (because too uniform,) may be, in its character, similar to the falling asleep of the child; from the broad waking, as it were, natural to its child-state or to its immaturity. Every lively evidence assures us that the life of the child is as an intoxication with the mere sense of life. Such broad light of pleasure, in the sense of life, would be impossible to be prolonged in this life, as we grow deep in it. Such undue draughts of vitality would be pain; would be overpowering if the faculties of humanity were not dulled, and clogged, and enfeebled, to fit them to bear the exaltation. We have, in this world, diluted life and diluted light; and the mingling with the obscuration, or with the darkness, (or the suffering,) is gradual, as life grows into its perfection, *in its human sense*;

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because too much joy would kill, and too much light would extinguish in its very excess—that is, extinguish all light as comprehensible light. Doubtless, it is benevolence that, at the right time, causes every object and every feeling to fade, and then to withdraw. For human nature is only equal to certain moderate administrations of life; and the final change is only removal, (doubtless,) if we deserve it, to something better. Simply, because the fleshy integument, which is built up of the senses, is worn through on account of the perishable character of that “continent of flesh” to which the fiery spirit, during the period of its domestication in this body, is committed. It wears through, as the light shines coming in from outside, gradually, at a thousand chinks; and, at last, to the measure of its own intensity, the quicker or the more prolonged in its lingering, the soul escapes. And the light goes out of this “grotto of flesh,” leaving only darkness where, before, there was something to see.

Sorrow is difficult to be borne; but we only possess life on the condition of sustaining suffering. Life is one continued series of daily dissolutions. It is not so much, figuratively, as really the case, that every morning that arrives to a man is a new life. Morning, noon, afternoon, and even-

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ing, are greatly like childhood, manhood, decaying old age, and the gradual blunting or sinking of man's functions. Man lives in, with, and by the sun. And as the sun, although ages are its moments, must gradually consume, though in his gradual extinction he should even seem to exhaust Time itself, so must man decay and at last depart. And he is denied the taking *himself* with him, too, where he goes. Man's life must consume, and time itself must come to an end. And, as nature decays, so must man; because time, which is his friend, and without which he could not be, is also his enemy; and time is that in which he has no permanent place. He only lasts over a certain brief pass. That is in time, as we understand time, in our measures.

I often wonder, not only at the impiety, but at the absolutely illogical and stupidly inconsistent cavil which men sometimes make at their sorrows and their sufferings. As if, being alive, those who are sentient, and through their dependence upon external nature only are made to feel, should have some sort of abstract, inherent right of being happy, whether or no. Why happy? Why *here*? HE who placed us here has the right to fix our lot. We should never have missed this state if we had never been

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ordained, or *come into it*. Nature, who fixed us here, has also implanted a strong tenacity to remain here. Our fibres, whether of the nerves or of the senses, of the thoughts or of the means of our pleasures or our pains, are like the roots of the tree, widely, tightly, ramifying into the ground. To eradicate in either case is to tear—is to inflict sharp pain. Perhaps it is only on account of his finer, independent organization, that man suffers more than the “vegetables,” in being torn up by the roots, or in dying. To man we would desire to propound the question—Would’st thou have lost aught if thou had’st never been at all born into this world? Art thou hurt in any way in not having good things, or art thou injured? Hath a certain heirship, or a preceding right, or some precedent, lying in the fact of thou being a man, (that, therefore, thou should’st come here and present thyself in this world some chance day); have these obligations been evaded in thy instance? What, and where, and why? Why, being in life at all, art thou not something infinitely lower in life? What lay in thy recommendation that thou wert to be made a “man.” Why should’st thou not have been a much lower creature; and then thou would’st have known nothing of what you are now. Even a capacity to

feel suffering is a boon ; for what would'st, or could'st, thou be in thy desire, or what movement could'st thou make in that blank, in that nothing in which thou might'st have been in the past, without your knowing anything of it. "Nothing can come of nothing." Thou mayest be nothing now elsewhere as well as here, by being in another place as well as in this place, without being sensible of being anywhere but in your present place. Where dost thou go in thy dreams ? All is unconsciousness. Or what wilt thou be, (being by and bye *there*), when thou shalt not know not when thou art there ? Thou art certainly, now, in this world, *as some world*. And God in the instant of consciousness, that thou art *in any world at all*; that thou art, (*in that thou art*), hast made thee happy.

But a truce to these airy arguments. Is not this happiness. I am seated at my breakfast-table on a Sunday morning. Bright sunshine streams in at my window. It is open. This is real. The soft, delicious air, stirs and lifts up lightly, even my curtains ; as if they, with their fabric, moved of themselves with a certain sort of sensitive, pleasantly dallying enjoyment. Flowers are without, speckled amidst the green plants—red, and blue, and crimson, with golden, dropping buds ; and

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such standard rose-trees, with the queen of flowers, the rose, opening her thickly folded, delicately pink, exquisite boss of leaves involved and doubled over and over again, and set round with dark green moss. Looking out of window, is not this as a king's court? And are not the flowers, particularly the roses, more graceful and beautiful, and glowing in their brighter colours—the flowers as a sort of jewellery, stars and diamonds, if I think them so, and pendants, and chains studded as it were—than all the adornment worn at any king's court, or displayed as the appropriate splendid belonging of it? Is not this whole, gloriously dazzling scene, the more complete and overpowering, although it be fancy, because this day is Sunday? Sunday, when nature should be fresher and more beautiful? And is not living beauty and pleasure at full tide, because I notice the flowers, and the green trees, and the clouds, and the bright golden sun, and the clear blue sky; and have leisure to let my reflecting eyesight dwell upon all, and take it all in?





## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

### SYMBOLIC MEANING OF THE VARIOUS PARTS OF A CHURCH.

**N** the cruciform arrangement of our churches we see indicated the very form, and the inner vivifying purpose, of the Catholic Christian faith. The structure called a church, when disposed in the form of a cross, however large it be, or however small, whether it rise as a noble cathedral, the accretion and result of the centuries; or whether it be a simple parish church with cross-arms, or crossed recesses, typifies the foundation-form of the Christian religion—the cross. Now all churches, also, whether they are the great cathedrals, which borrow their name from the Latin word *cathedra*, which means a seat—in this application signifying the “Bishop’s seat”—also the throne of the Bishop;—or whether the sacred building be one of a less imposing character, a church in town or in the country, on a moderate, or on a very small scale, even down

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to a chapel in a park, or by the roadside, or on a hill, or in a town—every sacred structure where service is celebrated, or the name of God or the Saviour is invoked, stretches east and west. It does this invariably, or ought to do so.

The reason of this is, that as the sun rises in the east, and travels southward towards the west, so the place of the altar, or the spot of the chief holy duty or celebration, should be there, in that part of the templar building, where the sun first strikes. The sacred travel is in that circuit in which the sun moves from the east round to the south to achieve for the meridian of the day. It then goes westward to that respective point of its decline, on the various days of increase or decrease during the year. For the ancient theosophical mystics, and mystical astronomers, agreed that it was from the northern direction that *evil came*; and therefore the circuit of all religious promenading and processions was in a direction *away* obviously from the evil, and *not to meet it*. And consequently the movements of this kind were made from left to right, when the celebrant was facing east; and therefore they were made in the direction that the sun moves. Another peculiarity in church-building is, that this arrangement of laying the line

from west to east, or rather from east to west, (because the eastern portions of an old cathedral, were those usually first commenced)—proceeds upon the principle that our churches must lie, when completed, *in the way of the path of the world*, and not athwart it or to cross it. Because we must never contradict nature; but move with it, and in it, and by it. The sun with its earliest beam should, when he rises, gild the easternmost windows of the church, and light up the glories of the pictured saints, who, in their glowing enamel, are supposed to have, figuratively, the charge of the spiritual, various days' events in the old church. These figures, in the painted glass of the windows of the chapel, or of the apses, at the eastern end of a church, are imagined to be enlivened and invigorated, and enlightened as special talismans. This by the awakening and empowering rays of the first morning sun, issuing from the celestial mansions of the orient, forming the throne of the Saviour in the “East.”

The sun then, in regard to a great church, which is properly the real cruciform building, or a cathedral, should rise and gild its eastern windows at its earliest. It should move around the cathedral, as the day advances, to the south.

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Its descent should be reflected on a level in the great west windows, and the sun, in his brightness at the last, should stream straight through towards the east, traversing the nave, and cleaving, and only arrested at the veil of the temple. And outside of the church the broad golden afternoon light should dwell upon its pinnacles, emblaze upon its Gothic reticulated panel-work, darken in deep lines in the shadows all along the sides, force with many umbers the clustered recesses amidst its buttresses, and play at times broadly and goldenly over the whole exterior of the cathedral in the intervals of the gorgeous clouds, now upon, or over, and illuminating the figures' heads ; now directing upon the mitres and crowns, or flashing adown the robes of the tabernacled figures. In some very richly decorated ecclesiastical buildings they muster in ranks like an army. And these statues glow in the moonlight, still and solemn, like dull silver.

Proceeding from east to west of the glorious gothic church, we measure the long line of a very extensive building ; perhaps, in which the reverence and the ingenuity, and the great art of the men of the many-peopled past, have been shown even for that length of time that the axles of the wheels of time itself would almost appear to have stiffened.

The panoramic progress of the laborious, yet reverential, centuries seems to unrol, and generation urges on generation in our backward, regretful; but admiring glance. Proceeding thus thoughtfully to observe, dwelling on the beauties of a great Cathedral, we start from the pentangular *apse*; which means the “crown.” Through the *quatre-feuilles*, and spires, and openings of this “crown” indeed, representing the crown of glory of the Eternal King, the straight, first, long-levelled, (and then the slanting-downward,) beams of the sun from the east should penetrate; to bind, in lines of gold, the flashing gems, cast-up just fitly into their places in the many-coloured, mosaically glittering, picture-painted windows. Microcosm of set jewellery.

The great west-door, of which the deeply-recessed porch, set profusely about with saints and sainted heroes, (either of the field, or, of the church); and with kings and prophets and apostles, is the “Galilee,” or great central entrance to the Cathedral. It means the place of gathering, or access, to the “foot of the cross.” “Let us go up to Galilee,” is the expression of scripture, which finds its explanation in the thronging of the people, on the usual solemn religious occasions, to the wide western door. It is the repairing to the Saviour at

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all the times of public occasion, or solemnity. The eastern end of the Cathedral symbolises the origin, the formation of all things—the “First Light” or Great First Cause, from whom the sun of the spiritual world proceeds. The two side-entrances mean—that to the north, the Son; that to the south, Saint John, or the Holy Spirit. Following out these typical arrangements, and pursuing the ideas excited by them in the mind; with singular, sometimes with fanciful fidelity, a writer has pointed to the seats round the chancel as meaning the souls of the faithful. The “Trinity in Unity” is typified in the three lights, or bays, or “days” in the east-window. This triple arrangement of the windows is generally recognized as the distinctive token of the “Templar” Churches; and of those more particularly devoted to Saint John. In nearly all the eastern portion of the religious buildings dedicated to Saint John, it will be found that there is an architectural grouping of the triple lancet lights. Not unfrequently *quatrefeuilles* or *cinqfeuilles*, in circles, placed above the three grouped window-lights, mean the crown celestial of the King of Kings, or of the Saviour. The row of long windows, north and south in Norman and Early English Churches, signify the apostles and fathers of the Church, who have been in their time shining

lights. The rich pattern of floriated gothic-work in the window-heads means the adornment supplied by their varying gifts and graces. Where the side-lights are twin-lights, (two after two,) and when they are placed regularly and number six on a side, they mean the apostles sent out in pairs adventurously, (but in companionship), to witness for each other and to preach the blessed Gospel to mankind. The *corona* in the east end of a cathedral Church, or in the *sainte chapelle*, or the capital, chapter, or cap or chapel, (*hat* in English,) is the chaplet of glorified thorns, becoming the crown of immortality to the deified "Man-God," "God-man," or Saviour-Jesus, who is called the "Christ." Crowned with the crown of thorns; which are, of expiation of this world, and crucified for the sins of mankind.

As we are now occupied in the explanation, and in the supplying of the inner mystic meanings of things visible and positive about a church, it may not be out of place, (since we are specially speaking of the signification of the word "chapter," and of the word "chapel,"—the latter a very significant term)—if we clear up a very recondite dispute regarding the phrase, "Printer's Chapel." In respect to this much discussed word, antiquaries have gone long astray. Very shrewd and knowing men have

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been at a loss concerning it, and have made many very wide and false guesses. The true origin and meaning of the word "chapel," as occurring in the long-descended, traditional usage of the craft of "printers," has been acknowledged as a desideratum. A correct reading of the puzzle, has been not only vainly sought, but wrong explanations have diverted the seekers from the right track. Very many expositions or explanations, some etymological, some otherwise, have been offered of it, and from time to time they are still put forward; but not one of them has proved entirely satisfactory. Now for a little light, or for the endeavour at a little light.

Printers, as it is well-known, give the name "chapel," (or speak of it in the individual and distinctive and high sense as a "chapel,") to that deliberative, solemn trade-call, which a committee of the operative printers belonging to any particular office, are bound to attend when a point of extra-importance in business between themselves and their employers is in debate. A chapel is seldom called unless an invasion, or a supposed interference in some way, with journeymen printers' rights by the masters, is meditated, or is suspected. It is a sort of court of prerogative, "which ought to be had recourse-to but very sparingly, since it is an appeal to the first natural rights of *men* ; not

alone of printers." It is a survival of that first natural court of trial held in the open air, and under a tree; (which tree ought to be an oak properly).

The reason of the name "chapel" will now begin to appear. It is called a chapel, "chapter," or "lodge," or "stand," because the journeyman printers *put-on* their hats or caps; which were anciently called "chapels;" as the *chapelle de fer*, meaning an iron headpiece, a *chapeau*, a hat made out of a skin, and other similar instances of hats. The hat, when a "printers' chapel" is being held, and to which chapel or lodge there ought always, without any inference of a ludicrous character, a "tiler" to be added, (in the masonic sense,) as the doorkeeper, or guard, or "man of assault" to complete the lodge and to "close it," armed:—the hat, we repeat, ought always to be worn during the "chapel" (wherever held,) whether without-doors or within. The placing of the "hat" upon their head by the men indicates their temporarily-resumed independence of any service whatever, and of their freedom and readiness for the "outside"—for the street or road—or anywhere if needful or provoked thereto. Thus every act in the chapel is significant as those of independent men—masonically "brothers."

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Masters respect these chapels, and dare not, (and do not) approach them. Apprentices are never admitted, and are warned rigorously out of ear-shot. All printers' journeymen by the very act of assisting at the "chapel," are bound to secrecy as to all things done or said in the "chapel." Each man is to give his opinion in turn, beginning at the youngest ; and the proceedings ought to be as secret as in the real masonic lodge or Templar "encampment." In conclusion, whilst "in chapel," the printers are an *imperium in imperio*, occupied in formalities with which their masters cannot interfere. They are in "chapel," or "under hat," subject to no law but that secret, covered, "tiled" or cloistered one—in the *tile* we mean no covert jocular reference to hats, or to either the mysticism or to the comic ideas of covering or of uncovering. No law is to prevail against the men during this period of solemn consultation ; they are bound by no observances other than those appertaining to, and properly springing out-of, their own lodge. Which lodge, whilst it lasts, is secret, covered, "tiled." Thus much for the explanation of the printers' chapel.

This is an explanation which the famous Polydore Virgil would have inserted in his "History of Inventions," if he had known anything about it ;

for though Polydorus Virgilius was a clerk and a clergyman, (and therefore learned, and a hieroglyphist to a certain extent,) he was not a printer. His work however, in its first editions, is all "genuine Elzevir,"—the delight of connoisseurs among collectors and printers. Its title is known to all—*"Polydori Vergili Virbinatis, de Rerum Inventoribus."*





## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

### A RITUALISTIC CHURCH OUTSIDE.

**A**T length I found the Church of which I was in search. The reader knows, perhaps, the neighbourhood in which this building is situated. It is in a busy; but yet in a deteriorated neighbourhood. Albany-street, as being a principal avenue leading to Camden Town, and lying on the east side of the Regent's Park, is composed of a line of buildings, on the left-hand comprising genteel residences, in which, in the centre, is the long, flat-looking, uninviting rear-front of the old Regent's Park Colosseum (or Coliseum); which has witnessed many changes, and which in the present day is a public object superseded—with its attractions mildewed, and its exhibition-purposes obsolete. Trinity Church is a cold, formal structure, of that favourite Prince Regent period of Church architecture ruling from 1820 to 1840. I do not remember precisely the name of the

architect of this Church. I think it was Sir John Soane who built it; but it is laden with all the unsatisfactory platitudes, and the unambitious, safe, insipid coldness of all of the buildings of the Sir John Soane style. It is all pallid stucco, tame entablatures, wide windows, episcopalian regulation dulness. Its vane is not vain because it is a feature. But I will not dignify this "vane" by using, in regard to it, the good old English but, perhaps, too bold word—"weather-cock." The "cock" is the emblem of Saint Peter; and the cock, on account of the mystical associations connected with its heralding of the dawn, and of its first embassage of the hastening-up sunrise, should be on the top of the steeple of every Christian Church—especially those of ritualistic, and of the true intensified rightly religious denomination. The Euston Road (aforetime the New Road), wherein in old-fashioned guise, in the recollection of some not very old people even now, the old turnpike gate, and a much-used public-house (of which I forget the sign), at the junction of Norton Street and of the Portland Road, used to stand—is a dingy road, the traffic of which is trucks and barrows, omnibusses abounding in "lettery and littery" advertisements, jingling carts, public drags, and occasional lumbering railway-

vans ; interspersed with bespattered single horses and ramshackling gigs ; with "ramshackling men" in them. All the ruck and truck of the "New Road" run to seed, in fact.

*Issuant* out of the late New-Road, then, as the heralds (with whom the neighbourhood hath little) would call it, and running north, extends Osnaburgh Street, with its good houses as the exception, and its indifferent houses as the rule ; its meagre, ill-kept, slovenly squares and gardens —the latter flat and fearfully run to weeds and seeds and broken bottles ; and that not of the right sort either. These mistaken places, as squares, are named respectively York Square and Clarence Square. In this minor, shabby-genteel district, made-up of stucco-fronted dwelling-houses, blank-looking workshops, the shops of small stationers and newspaper vendors, are squares of houses, three-storeys high, either of no repute at all, or of too-much repute. Very many of these houses in these squares have (or had), their "fancy" French drawing-room (or withdrawing room) windows open ; though with blinds drawn down in winter time as equally as in summer time. There is in this neighbourhood a miscellaneous shabby-genteel—mostly shabby—moving population in the even-

ings of the week days; mingling and flitting in and out amongst the lights. But on Sundays all is blank; except for the circumstance of a few empty shops being open. These, (mostly on Sunday morning), have their shutters up, though with the doors standing wide. There is an invitation to business, in a sort of way, in the voices inside. But the influence of the London Sunday (and the sense that it is Sunday) are over all this Regent's Park, (East) neighbourhood and its ways, and its "guise and disguise."

Here I found, after some enquiry, the place of worship of which I was in search. It stands in Osnaburgh Street; but its entrances do not appeal conspicuously to view. On the contrary, some enquiry is necessary for a stranger to find this Church. Its exterior is unpretending; and it gives one the true impression that it is unfinished. It has two entrance-doors, one on each side. Each of these doors introduces to the side-aisles of the nave; the door to the south introduces to the right-hand side-aisle, and the northern door to that on the left, looking from the west up to the chancel, and to the high altar; which faces you, in the east, in perspective, when you arrive within the Church and have leisure to look around. The

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name of the Church is that of Saint Mary Magdalene, and its worship is strictly that which is designated as of the ritualistic form. It has lights, would have incense ; and so forth.





## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

### RITUALISM INSIDE A CHURCH.

**O**NCE within the sacred place, the mind is affected with a variety of impressions. The gothic columns spire, in their long thin lines, out of bases formed of many mouldings. The columns are seen to mount-up, and to pierce through their ringed or angular capitals, with their flowers, (the lilywork—the “lilywork of the temple,”)—and juts. They curve—they sweep aloft in graceful arcs. They spire slantingly; until at the joining of the groins they are bound, (or locked,) by gilt, or by coloured bosses—“with their fleurs-de-lis or their quatrafeuilles.” The hollow-ribbed vaults with their cuspid spandrels caving high over in their sets of angles, and presenting bladed or splayed architectural “sets” of light, crowd the perspective with beautiful effects. The clustering, triangular, narrow spandrels; the chased pendants with their filigrees;

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the lower walls and abutments hollowed into faces of rich panelling or set thickly with canopy-head, or with minute varieties of mathematical or of floreate articulation; the fretwork within and about the miniature tabernacles—all this as the smaller work; and then the deep window-reveals and their shafted, archivolted mouldings, their luxuriant “heads” of tracery, and their knotted many mullions and bays; the emblazed or pearly glass of the windows showing-up, (in the changing lights,) in amber or crimson or in all the variety of brilliant blue, or ardent carmine, or clear purple, or enamelled turquoise; the series of illuminated ribbons or scrolls in the windows or on the walls; the scenes of Sacred History clear shining, (when study makes them out,) in the painted glass,—all these shifting presentments, as the observer moves round, arrest with a pleased awe. But the windows, in the sun, are the glory of this place. The sacred scenes grow distinct to attention as the light falls on them. The transpiercing rays of the intensely sharp sun, which in long prismatic gold bands, or in sloping belts or darts of light, carries over the flaming whole-frameful of hues, (kaleidoscopic, and now wavering, now fixed,) cast it on the marble pavement, or on a floor set with the diaper of painted gothic tiles. This charms the

enthusiast as with the glories of the “New Jerusalem”—“Jerusalem the Golden.”

The “phantom-show” of a particular saintly scene occurs suddenly in a flash of sun. One particular sunshiny window tells a whole Church chapter. Another projects the confused colours only like indiscriminate jewels, thrown in instant magic overturn out of a gleaming sacramental cup, just as instantly and as invisibly again to be taken; wherever spiritually away? These are constant sights to be found in these noble gothic structures. This Church is however small—far too small for its beauties.

And, then, the look of the Church as we advance, silent along the shadowy side-aisle with reverent tread and with head declined—quieted into contemplation by the genius of the place; which is all religion! We look for a seat. And in the partial dimness our eyesight now for the first time makes us aware of the heads of many people—a large congregation hushed in attention; with their faces directed all one way—an awed, and, (in its awe,) an awful assembly—all faces in the one eastern line—namely, towards the “altar,” and therefore towards the east. There, in the east, must be the throne, place, tabernacle, and altar—or the place of manifestation—of the Lord

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Jesus. There is no general intermingling of men and women here, as in the promiscuous absurd crowd in the ordinary Hanoverian pewed Churches. All the males are congregated on the one side of the nave of this sacred structure ; which is the right side, looking towards the altar on the east. All the females are on their proper side of the nave—that is, on its left, and on the left-side of the men. The women are, in the shadow, on this side of the building ; and the light gay colours of their summer dresses are toned and sobered uniformly, as beds of flowers in parterre appear when the sunshine, (or the strong light,) is veiled or withdrawn. For it is now summer-time, which shows up everything. The eye ranges along the people occupying the thickly-placed chairs ; and our view passes forward, and up far to the richly-fenced verge itself of the altar-steps.

This enriched fencing of the holy altar, (properly unapproachable except in the perfect feeling of humility and of devotion), should be, to the regard of the worshipper, as the battlements of the place of refuge, the stairs to the citadel of faith, sacred in the guarded attendance of a thousand unseen extended hands, and overshadowed, at the moment of the exaltation of the Great Sacrifice, by squadrons of clustering cherubim ; to

whom the little silver "sacring-bell," or sound of consecration, is as the peal of countless celestial trumpets, summoning to a great glory. There are also armed spirits abundant, invoked to their spirit-weapons in resistance to the disturbing agents of evil, assembled to spoil, (and to mitigate those meanings against them), which are verities for ever. Devils urge ceaselessly against that ever-renewing, (and renewed,) fastening and sealing of the mystical "Stone," wherewith, and beneath which their conquerer, the Archangel Michael, has shut them up in the eternal pit! That altar is the sanctuary to which all fly. For the multitudinous crosses warn the human-violent, and all harmful and un-holy fleshly assailants, to keep their awed distance. Each cross is as the extended shield, (small, very small in appearance, immense in reality), of a celestial angel or cherubic knight, so to speak. Each spaded, or bladed, point of the *fleurs-de-lis*, or the silver-pointed, double-springing "lilies" of the Holy Mother—the "Virgin Immaculate"—is as a sharp translucent angel-spear. This holy court of refuge, or this "chancel"—the "temple-dome" or "temple-home"—is denied to disbelievers. It is impregnable to those who meditate spiritual or earthly mischief. But that place of the altar—that high, lighted "EAST"—has, as it were, a

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hundred sanctifying glittering gates, held wide open by thronging angels, with extended, blessing hands, to win-in, (with beseeching, joyful, beckoned invitation), the lowly of heart and those intensely desiring; and the worthy, through their very "poverty of spirit." For within and aloft are there raised the *insignia* of the sacraments. There is the ensign of that Great Master who is the chief, and the head, of the sacraments—being himself, in his own glorified body, this mystical greatest, "immolation" on the altar of the sphered great globe! There are the banners of the "*agnus dei*," bearing aloft the twice-cleft, (or the triple-cleft,) pennon—crossed with his red cross or ruby cross—tinctured with the blood of the "ONE." There are the talismans and the *palladia*, (so to speak) of Jesus, glowing with his own gold. Sunbeams, or gold, alike meaning his divinity, transcending like aspiring or ethereal gold, infiltrating or transfixing the fleshly, (or the earthly,) or corporeal nature. This holy gold, (*chrysos* as its Greek name denotes), in more than the alchemical or arch-elevating sense, ascends through that liberating mystic magic operation of the vivifying starss ummoning it up; and it shines upon the trophies, (shown-up, but then rejected), from the world's mines. But this gold, this earthly, precious, yellow metal, glows as

into intolerable fiery lustre to believers; and on the other hand, into all but killing sharpness to the unworthy. For in the highest celebration at the altar—or in the miraculous and inexpressible Eucharist, or the grand, atoning, accepted sacrifice—*heaven bends to earth*. The lower material light, and the upward-heaving aspiration supplemented in the smokes and candles, is evolved and drunk up in pardon, even at the altar-feet, by the overflow of the glorious, celestial, ethereal light streamed down from heaven to meet it. The assenting stars—stars which are points and gems, set as fixed, lancing, “nail-like,” piercing-down flames into the ether, strike out fire from the blue fluid fields, or above from the cope of heaven. This sky is a purple, (imperial-purple) floor; deep-up-to, (or deep-down-to), the eternities. For overhead, (and underneath) are all “overhead” in the spiritual sense; zenith being nothing but nadir, and nadir zenith.

And before the thought of these sky-regions, how the mind fails! How the contemplation surrenders, when it begins surmising of upward and downward—of height and depth—of distance in measuring out, or time in containing! Yet the Saviour is IN ALL and is to be reached through all. That love of the One who laid down his life for us, we know pervaded once, and it still pervades.

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Shall we then refuse him this upspring of the soul, because we think his act of sacrifice wholly complete? Shall he not descend, in our conviction of his power to come down to our relief? Shall he not again yield himself to our prayers? Surely he is there, between the twin-lights, his witnesses, upon the altar. That light to the right, in the human sense, means his "manifestation." That light to the left means, mystically, the "means" of his manifestation; when taken as symbols in the Christian rites. These lighted candles cannot be insignificant formal things—mere meaningless objects, whose absense, or whose presence, are alike indifferent. Else all forms, and all symbolising, is vain. Or with the cross present, or the cross absent, religion is alike; any form of ritualism being useless; thought being all.





## CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

### MYSTERIES OF THE GENERAL CROSS-FORM.

**E**HOW know we how things are done in the spiritual world? All enthusiasm is a dream in which real things fade; and every thing, (and every good thing), is performed in the access of enthusiasm.

The rail and the double golden candlesticks are before me. The candles in these must be lighted; for they stand mystically as watching cherubim, double sentinels, or armed mighty spirits, keeping grandly the way to the East, or to the Tree of Life—or to the Cross—with waving swords of crescent fire. These defend against the things of evil. These candles invite within the holy place, or towards the glowing *penetralia*. They gleam with shining metal. In the centre glitters the altar, covered with its abounding monograms and significant ornaments. A mys-

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terious haze in which figures flit as in a scene made up of the lingering smoke of the fragrant incense, and half thickening with the newly-rising aromatic globes in the light, is there. This is surely the temple-court where the most majestic service possible is in act, and where even the worshippers are double in their nature ;—those of heaven and those of earth. Angels and human-beings—the seen and the unseen unite in one reverential office. The one attendance is evidenced to the human eye. The other thronging array is unseen by the bodily eye. But both are consenting in the same worship. Prostrate are both before the divine presence. Prostrate before the vouchsafed Ineffable Light.

The figures that move to and fro before the altar upon the raised floor of the *sacrarium*, and which interpose in the ritual movements occasionally before the light, might be taken as the group closing and numbering-up in some sacred phantom-picture. We mean that the priests are more suggested as earthly objects than realised. This haze, in its picturesque effect, is half made-up of the white daylight, paled and yellow, and heated aromatically in the flame of wax-candles. And the scene seems almost tremulously sensitive in the plaint and wail—or in the devotional angelic

whisper, as it were—of the beautiful music. This thickening air which impresses as panting and throbbing of itself in the sacred ceremonies, is now faintly filled with low-breathing melody; and then it exults with jubilation. Through it, and in the midst of it, and in the amber light transitory and uncertain, but yet fixed and glittering at moments across it, are the figures of the celebrating priest and his attendants. Majesty and greatness, and the sense that something unspeakably holy and sublime is going on, invest the whole of the upper or eastern division of the central aisle which contains the altar and the complete separated portion of the Church constituting the sanctuary, or that religious dominion of dominions where the central crucifix is raised. Round this altar are gathered the mystic letters and the symbols, the golden tables of the law, and the scattered golden crosses in their many forms, or the lucent argent *kisses*, or the strait-shooting lights, or the curving flourished lights or multiplied insignia — the alphabet or *symbola* spelling out the mysteries. These shine upon their colours of blue or red, or inflammate-sanguine, or on the Tyrian or the imperial purples, or on the violet appropriate to the illustration of the “worlds visible”—glorious

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all as in the opalescent radiation of the living illuminated panorama of nature—out in the world.

It is very little known and still less reflected upon, what deep significance the original contrivers of that cruciform shape of Cathedrals which the master-builders of all principal or head-churches adopted, infused into—at once their elaborate and pious architectural work.

That great emblem of Christianity, the cross, is the key-note, as it were, of all ecclesiastical architecture when it assumes the form of a church. The Greek cross displays this inexpressibly important, this hallowed symbol as four-square; omitting the prolongation of the descending limb of the cross which expressly hints the masculine, human, and individual *synthesis* of the saving possibility—to speak mystically of it. This is the rectangular cross of the Order of St. John, and it is Apocalyptic in its meaning. It is the badge of the professors, and it is the symbolical explanation of the Greek theosophic views of the Christian scheme—so to speak. Thus it is displayed by the Teutonic Knights, the Knights of the Hospital, or the Hospitallers—otherwise the Knights of Malta. This cross is therefore generally known as the Maltese cross. The Latin cross, or the lower

long-limbed cross, is more properly indicative—as the cross of the human sacrifice, or as the Cross of Calvary. There is great meaning in the prolongation of the lower limb of this cross. It is thus distinguished particularly as the cross of the “Divine Man.” It is the Cross of Crucifixion; and therefore it means the great final, actual sacrifice which redeemed the world. This last affixing is assumed as taking place not only in the strictly divine and mystic sense, but also in the real, personal—and in the ignominious, (and therefore in the celestial), glorious Christian acceptation. This is what is meant in the Crucifixion of the Saviour in the Latin or the Western view of it; when the Eastern and the Western Churches separated. It was, in reality, in regard of the mystic meaning of this four-square, or this elongated cross, that the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch, or the Arch-Hierophant of Constantinople established themselves as independent authorities:—such is the power of forms. Now, in typological distinction, the four-square cross or Greek cross—that right-angled cross which is radiate from a centre-point—construes as approaching to the original templar-form—that before the cruciform shape arose. It is templar in the sense of the Egyptian, Greek, Roman,

or Israelitish, or Mosaic, or Biblical idea of the Thebaic—or \*Ark-like — sanctuary. The first form of the temple built with regular architectural art is quadrilateral or parallelogrammatic, rectangular, or long and straight. It is chest-like, or archaic, or argaic—a form following the idea of a chest or coffer. The round of votive stones was probably the first temple, dedicated to the acknowledgment of the Principle of Celestial Fire. The archaic form is that of a chest. The argaic form is that of the mythic ship “Argo;”—or in fact it follows the idea of the Ark of Noah riding on the convulsions of nature to the summits of the Deluge — so to speak. All these forms are classic, and are totally different to that new templar form, the cross, which — comparatively speaking — belongs to modern history, and is the outcome of the romantic, inspired, prophetic period ; that in which Deity, (so to express), had withdrawn into the darkness, leaving divine exposition to personal manifestation and to voices. Manifestation means suffering — for the world suffers. Manifestation means penalty—for the world is a penal, expiating state or condition. Manifestation means “Crucifixion,”—

\* This is to be noted—although the “Ark,” or “Arc” is in the mystical as well as in the real sense—more properly a hemisphere or bow.

for the ideal man, the heavenly man, the son of heaven and earth—the best of the possible ideas of the world, or the best of the possible ideas of “Being-at-All,” is Crucified daily in the *very possibility* of the thought of it. The world as the world, being the kingdom of the devil and the state of the devil; therefore the man-like nature, being the god-like nature, (the only nature conceivable), must be crucified as its protest—at, and as its escape, (which is heaven), out of “nature.” The axis of the world, and the axis metaphysical of “possibility,” are the true “Cross.” It is upon this “Cross”—or “Palladium of Punishment”—that the “Man,” (or the “nature”—of senses), and the “Thought,” (or the nature that alone makes possibility), shall be exposed; to *suffer* into that Next, Nigh-to, or Outside—which is the world or state “unknown”—whatever it be.\*

The oblong, or square, or lateral—architectural symmetry moulded on a horizontal line—this was the shape of the temples or sanctuaries of

\* The above is a resumption from the mystic controversial speculations of Gulielmus Postellus, Baronius, Lactantius, Tertullian, Grabe's *Spicilegium*, St. Clement, Eusebius, Dr. Davies, Irenæus, St. Ignatius, Origen *con. Cels.* “*Critica Sacra*,” the “Septuagint and Syriac Versions,” Philo, (*Judæus*), Alexander Polyhistor, Bochart, Jerome, Hesychius, Dr. Miles, Jacob Boehme, Boehm, or Behme, and Thomas Aquinas.

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the second theogonic period. It is the form of all those of the Egyptian religious eras—of those temples or the ceiled *cella* in Greece; of those imitated oblong temples, (afterwards *Basilica*), arising from the indoctrination of Grecian ideas in Christian Rome. This quadrilateral, cube-like, or square form is also the shape of the earliest pure Christian Churches. These bore the name of *basilicas* as “king-churches.” All the insignia of the religions of the world have their origin mystically either in the form of the first ship—“argo,” “ark,” or cradle or coffer or chest—which when the rays proceed from it four-square, becomes the Greek Christian cross;—or they have their rise in the form of the “cross-proper,” in which all the Latins construct, and in which form the Churches and the Cathedrals or *cathedras* or “seats” for the faith, in imitation of the original rock, doom, or *dom*, or chair of St. Peter are built. For Saint Peter is he to whom is committed the keys of the “Upper” and the “Lower”—the upper being the divine glory or flame, or crucial red, or blood of Jesus or the “Glorious Manifested;” and the lower, or the nether world, or darkness being the matter, sifting, lees, or refuse, or relegate and abandoned flux of the

grand “Divine Immortal Making;” which eliminates below, and discharges underneath as the rejected, as the used, and therefore dismissed, and thus condemned MEANS of manifestation. But under all this abstruse, subtle, metaphysical infiltration, there lies—latent and evading—an immense amount of strict, explanatory, justifying doctrine; which is real enough, and satisfactory enough, could such be offered even to the most advanced minds;—but it cannot; and it never can. It is mysticism; and it is therefore hopelessly concealed. For the truths of religion lie locked in the deep reveries of the mystic, and they therein are safely guarded as by the swords of the spirits; for the knowledge of them would be fatal in unproven hands—would be death. Spiritual—if not earthly.

The causes were strange which induced the Hebrews, even while they were rigidly setting forth in their theosophy the individual, monotheistic, and particularly the masculine idea of divinity, to adopt representative forms which showed apparently the very reverse. They put behind them carefully the idea of the female or of the secondary governing, and the producing means of all nature. They ignored the “female” principle with the greatest possible determination to

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be perfect in their hatred and renunciation; and yet they sanctified and raised to heaven absolutely this latter in the very form of their glorious ark. The holy shape to which they bowed—for in every religion we must seek the form to obtain the key of the religion—was their chest-like “container”—their ark, *argha*, *arche*, or “sanctuary.” The central point for worship among the Jews was their horizontal, lateral “tabernacle,” or temple. This was the same *feminine* hieroglyph or form, (the aspiring line, or the tower, was always that of the *male*); whether the sanctuary was under a tent or tabernacle, or when the tent or tabernacle was *itself* the temple, locomotive or moveable, as in the desert; or whether it was—as it afterwards became—raised and fixed in the site as the centre of worship, constructed in the richest and costliest, and in the solidest material. It is very singular, therefore, that the Hebrew nation should have offered the very greatest honour, in this sacred shape which they adopted, to that idea contradictory; that very female abhorrent principle which undoubtedly they were the most eager, otherwise, to disclaim. It was the lateral, or the “lunar,” or the secondary, or the *female-half* in the theosophic conceptions—it was this form, second in rank, which was chosen by the

early peoples ; and that prevailed wholly in Greece as the chief object of worship, and mainly so in the pre-christian times. It was, also, undoubtedly, this grand selected form which governed in architecture in the earlier centuries even of the confirmed Christian period ; when disputes ran high as to the due affiliation of the sanctities, or of that which was to be the proper acknowledged place, or what was to be the distinctive supposed character of the “Second Divine Person,” the Maker of the World. We proffer the subject in these guarded and proper terms in order to be secure. The speculative distinctions between the “Second” and the “Third” Persons of the Trinity, as the Son and the Holy Ghost, were, as yet, indeterminate. Ideas varied in those days of subtle distinction as to the office, place, and precedence of the Second and of the Third Persons. The estimated varying order of the “Persons” may be gathered from the corresponding changes which took place in their representative architectural forms — for architecture was an indicating theology—in the earlier ages of Christianity. Church buildings were made hieroglyphic in their parts, and in themselves. The fact of this artificial exposition of religion in the buildings will become apparent when we consider—through the new lights which

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we will supply as to their meaning—the governing features of all the templar or Church buildings. For temples everywhere had the physiognomy of their religion—whatever it was.

The single tower first raised at the north-western end of the early Church-cathedral will establish the above architecturally-representative idea fully. It was originally the belfry, bell-tower, monolith or obelisk raised as the *gnomon*, ascen-point, pillar, *millenarius* of the ages. This was the *phallos* indeed, or say—not the *phallos* or *phallus*, Jacob's pillow or pillar, (set up), "ladder from earth to heaven," (mystically), or downward directed, (or upward directed) means of transfluence from below to above, and from above to below;—this was not the idol in the heathen, falsely-attributing ideas regarding that wonderfully mystic form—the upright. But from this anagram of the towered "I," (the first letter of the name of Jesus,\*) came the true tower, the actual tower or rock or corner-stone, and from this tower, the angle-tower in the game of chess;—that guard or mound or *mond* set in the four-square corner, and known by the name of the "rock," is derived—little imagined as this latter origin of the rock, or the "rook," in the game of chess

\* "Ie-sus."

is ; even by those who have searched the deepest into the obscurities of its origin. For the word "rook" has puzzled most examiners of the game of chess ; and even the learned and ingenious Polydorus Virgilius, with all his inquisitive sharpness and neatness of derivation, has failed in his explanation of it ; though he explains most things.

Now, in the confusions of the first centuries of the Christian period—in regard of the history of which there is very little known—there was much truth lost sight of, and very many new and very strange ideas were brought forward. Those times abounded in particularly mystical and abstruse speculations. Piety and strong religious feeling, and enthusiasm soon degenerated into heresies, and into extravagant ideas of all kinds. A current of religious thought from the magical and dreamy east encountered the flow of theosophic speculation from the west, and the first flow fell into and circumvolved-with, and at last mixed with the latter, and then became fluent again. Thus the more rigid and real Western or Latin Church ingrafted its philosophical theology upon mystical systems from the East. In the resultant indulgence of more subtle speculation, the notions of female or male, as characteristic of the Second and Third Persons of the Trinity,

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grew-out in the order of, from female to male. Thus the dignity ascribed in the early times to the Virgin Mary and to the Holy Ghost arose. These Persons interchanged characteristics, and were even identified ; and their places were not settled even late, with the ideas prevalent pertaining to the masculine Saviour. In brief, the latent theology of the Greek Church embraces the feminine idea, the Spirit or the Holy Ghost, as the saving central idea. The Romish Church, on the contrary, is aggressive and masculine ; adopting the idea of the active, personal, suffering, sacrificed Saviour. In these two grand distinctions lie volumes and volumes of abstruse disputation ; and the allegorical lips of the mighty chasm of separation between eastern Christian theosophy and western Christian theosophy mark the prodigious, and the scarcely bridgeable (to use such a word) gulf between the Pope and the East. Thus the Second and the Third Persons interchanged in religious ideas, or became "One," with refluent or interchangeable dreamy characteristics ; or they were post-placed, or were pre-placed. Thus (farther) the single tower of the western-end of many of the Cathedrals, which is a particularly observable fact in France and in Spain, and in very many places on the conti-

ment, meant the monotheistic idea ; with a reference sometimes to the male, and sometimes to the female. When, however, the place of the "Filius" arose, (distinctly), in the Christian theogony, and when this idea affirmed itself into reliance and grew stronger in dominant recognition, then this superiority assumed its proper proof and signal in the place to the right—and, consequently, to the north—side of the western-part of a cathedral-church. And thus the Right-hand, looking from the east, or the north-western tall Tower arose. The second or Left-hand Tower (meaning the "Woman") looking from the Church, (if built at all,) was later in date. This, when raised in the earlier Churches-cathedral, was constructed at various periods ; and expresses fluctuations in the faith of the Christian Church.

This latter tower differs often greatly in the style of its architecture from the tower to the right. Thus the left-hand tower became the means of properly expressing the mystic ideas connected with the Blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary or Maria. It signalized the dignified second-place due to the Holy Mother—the Mother, and the means of the manifestation of the personal Saviour. HE who was to be born of woman into the material world. The mark suggestive of the female in-

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fluence, or of the passive power of nature, is the lateral stroke comprising the one-half of the cross. This line divides the upright at its middlemost point. All upwards from this intersection refers to the upper world ; or to the world immaterial. All downward from this intersecting point relates to the world physical, the bodily world ; or to the material. The upright line is male, and the dividing horizontal line is female. The cross is the grand Christian hieroglyph, or the veritable *master-sign*. Thus the aspiring line, and the 'thwart line of the cross, when presented as intersecting, constitute that figure which mystically expresses the idea of the imperishable as begotten on the perishable—the latter being adopted and made to become ONE, as knowing not the senses. The descending ray or *obeliscus*, as the spire of exaltation reversed in acceptance, and returned back to earth in the Christian completed sacrifice, is crossed at its centre-point, or *heart*, by the lateral line, which means the sea-level, or the flow, or the blue "Matter"—which marks the material world as impersonated in "Man," who is produced of it, and convicted and saved (in the act) in the "downward-slaying stroke." The sesqui-lateral and the sesqui-spiral contra-crossing and "embracing" of these lines, speak the mystery

of the refluent and interchangeable "Macrocosm" and "Microcosm"—or the "Dark-Light," "Light-Dark," or "Heaven-Earth," "Earth-Heaven." As far as consciousness (or dream) can make this, it is made. Quite contrary to reason, which can only unmake it: and which Reason is the light alone in which the Devil works—God's light being the darkness to us in the senses, and the darkness being the devil's light to us in the senses—each being the reverse of the other to man, and each is the opposite, as judged in the Spirit or in the Flesh, according to the theosophic reveries of the great Jacob Bœhmen—profoundest of the profound speculators in regard of the Christian mysteries.

The mystic blending or *synthesis* is imprinted on the whole scale and scheme of the earth as equally as it is emblemmed as the eternal trace of the divine intervention in the arch of the heavens; where God writes with the stars for letters—the reading of which stupendous legend has faded out of the possibility of its decipherment by men. "Below" and "above" meet at the junction-point of magical (holy magical) transfluence; and there in the "Transfiguration" we meet the "Cross." This "sign" is conceived and justified through the operation of the Holy Spirit, which

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seizes wholly out of the things of this world. This may be shown mathematically, as at the point of two several triangles, to be drawn, the one with its base above, and the other with its base below, from the very corners of supposed possibility ; and interchanging reacting lines up and down at the apex, crown, or point of central contact. Thus transfluence from above to below, and aspiring effluence from below to above, may be possible in the supernatural interchange of “inferior” and “superior” at the centre, or in this magic counter-transforming “meeting-point.” It is, in reverse, an extinguishing (and, in extinguishing, a creating) point. But we are now speaking of the very highest reach of exaltation at which miracle—or transubstantiation—or acceptance by man of the sacramental possibility—could take place and achieve and signalize as truth. It is strange that Transubstantiation—when the person contemplating it considers it as a truth offered for belief—should be regarded as in any way possible—in faith out of this world, of course ; but even in that. But if evidence in ordinary matters of fact presented to our attention is untrustworthy, which thinking men and true philosophers have long ago decided as a fact undeniable, things presented to us as only

to be believed possible in faith may be very true, notwithstanding our human inability to adjust the sequence which makes them; inasmuch as by our human constitution we have not the power, although we every day see material things consistently made without us. Notwithstanding that we see the things and know what they are (which is making them in the mind, in the recognition) *we could not make them.* A dog is a very different creature to a child and to a man; and it is possible that there may be more of the "real dog" to the child than there is in the idea of it to the man—the man having *grown away* from truth down to error. And the child may be starting freshly with more of the true "dream" of life in him; as in coming newest from the "outside"; which must contain more of truth in it than there is in this world, which is contained in "*it*," and made out of it; whatever this former may be. It is the strange speculation of a most profound thinker, (for a thinker and a "dreamer" are the same,) that in this human state mankind may be buried in a sleep; one long, unending, unconscious dream of many thousand years duration; and that while history is the intelligible thing in his *dream*, man only catches glimpses of another state, which anticipated this state, in

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the presentation of unbelievable (to him) or miraculous things; just as sleepers catch the unconnected (to them), inconsistent words of those awake around them; who—after all—are in the *real world*, while he is in the *sleep world*; to him, as he is made to think it in the flesh.

If this doctrine—sublime teaching and wonderful belief as it is—this notion of Transubstantiation, we mean—if this article of faith be true—as no one in the reason or out of the reason can say that it is not true—then it is something that the whole limits of the world cannot match in wonder. It is grand beyond all the immensity of greatness. It is comforting beyond all the possibilities of consolation and of comfort. It is the only rescue out of a world which, (without it,) would be dark and hopeless indeed! Thus, if such a miraculous conversion of the elements does really take place, then it is an effect—relied-upon as not only possible, but as actually taking place—altogether prodigious and portentous;—lifting man from earth to heaven. Transubstantiation is, therefore, an effect believed to be possible; though, in being so believed, it is construed as being wholly out of the region of this world's possibilities; in which, nevertheless, it is transacted. It is the miracle; or the proof of God's presence

and interference in the things of the world at which the world should hush. And this idea, or the conviction of the stretching-forth of the hand of God, if once conceived in the mind as an unmistakeable truth, would overpower ; and the adorer would sink with his senses resigned, as lost in another being. He would prostrate himself overcome in the light. His delight would pass-up into the state of supernatural ecstasy. Now all this possibility of miraculous conversion is rejected by the non-catholic world as being something quite beyond the reach and the means of nature. It is pronounced as wholly impossible by the world, in the first place. Then granting that it is thought to take place by some—who will insist that the phenomenon is true—then it is passed back as mere delirium—produced from those shaken boundaries from between which anything can be produced—the imagination heated in the hopes and aspirations of religious fervour, and quite losing common-sense. And what is this latter, then, lost in ? In the higher supernatural sense which makes the untrue, true ;—and the true, untrue. And this is miracle.





## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

### THEURGIC MYSTERIES IN THE DIFFERENT CROSS-FORMS.

**H**E who occupies the chair of the Cathedral or Bishop's Church, or the seat of provincial spiritual authority, called the *cathedra*, is called a *Præsul*. One of his titles is *Præsulor*—he who leads the choir, quire, *chorea*, *choræa*, or voice or means of expression, or symbolised worship—or even dance in the old heathen sense of the form of worship, which is choragic or coryphaic. He is also *episcopus* or Bishop. He is enthroned in the seat of princely-priestly authority, and he bears the *lituus* or sacred crook derived from the grand original *pedum* or sceptre of the first guardian-watchers of the flocks, or from the “Shepherds.” The figure of the Latin cross carries fully out the great sacrificial idea. The “Atoning One,” or the “Man fixed on the Cross,” is its governing impress. As he came, in the human life, from the east, so his head is to

be laid to the east. All those who "sleep in the Lord" are to look towards him as expecting the vivification of the first ray from the daily east, as also from the "Sun" of the eternal east. Now prone and extended to the universal level—as submitted to the great "Mother," destroyer, or queen of mundane life (or death)—he is to be raised-up to the glory of heaven; from which heaven, as having been once "Man," he descends in the sacrament to the invocation of man. In whom (when the man is the worthy priest) ascends the expression of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit bestowed on him. The idea of the ancients was that God made the world only with, and by, music.\*

Psalms and hymns, and glorious musical passages, which have in themselves a vital force, since the whole world is built of music, though we hear it not (for the very invisible movement

\* And that music, as man knows it, is only the momentary, fragmentary recovery, or short-living, again-inflowing dream out of the great buried real "invisible"—out of which comes man's present life as the sleep. Music now suggests, as tradition, the "Lost Paradise," or "First State of Man." This is partly that idea of the Mohammedan, Mussulman, or Mahometan pre-life or of paradise; or of man's earliest world before the supernatural, primæval, great scheme of "Man"—to speak the notions of philosophers and of profound oriental mysticism—"fell into ruins." And before "Man" sank to the level of the ordinary creatures, betrayed out of his great first intended world; into which he seeks to be restored.

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of matter is movement inaudible of music)—these are to be constantly sung, in worship, in the Churches. For fine music is assumed as acceptable to the angels; and it is, therefore, transmitted by them upwards as prayers into heaven. It has a real conquering power over evil. The quire, choir, or chancel of the Church—there where the ministrant stands before the altar—is the place for the music. Here this sanctified music is to plead and to resound. Music is as the ladder of the angels. By its rounds of the throbbing pulse of harmony we ascend into heaven. Up this spirits' ladder the soul is borne, till prostrate and overcome in the expression of music, there in the court of God the rapt soul falls; suffused with the selfsame melody that fills heaven.

The Body of the Lord is supposed to be extended upon the cross (itself) of the cathedral. Angelic harmonies are to be sung in perpetual commemoration (or in commemorative perpetuity), there in that part of the Cross where the chief vitality centres—the *heart (cor)*; and where the chief creative glories cluster. In the middle, fixed and fixing point—as the upright to rise to the clouds—the grand central spire or tower of the church springs. This centre or cross-point of the

true Christian intersection, or of the avenue at which earth and heaven interchange, emblemming mystically the means whereby "Man" becomes "Christ," and "Christ" becomes "Man"—this middlemost, or the true heart-point or living or expressing point—piercing down into and planted upon which rises the mighty symbolical "Tree" or Tower—this is the centre of the mythic heart of the possible comprehension of all things divine and human. This is the *cor, choir, corea*. The Greek name refers more particularly to the throat or chest, as the organ of voice or expression. But the Latin name indicates the heart, or the chief breathing or feeling-point of the whole human mortal body. Out of the human—that is, out of the human apprehension—there is not, nor can there be, any God. Indeed, God and the world are only made in man's mind. Therefore, the *apotheosis* of the human body as the medium, or as the only means of knowing God. We cannot help the foregoing statements seeming mystical, aberrant, and surprising. There cannot be such a thing as a "common-sense" religion. All religion, off the frontier of the senses (to which speculation soon comes) is transcendental and mystical. Just as all early history is lost in clouds, and the stories found in it are dreamlike.

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To return to the form of the Church-cathedral, and to the form of the central portion thereof. This high point is the great central tower. In the junction point, or the true starry centre of the *archivolts* of the King-Tower, or that great central tower, ought to be found the *anagrammata* of the whole field of the starry heavens; governing the phases nightly disclosed over it. For the tower means the divining-rod—and it is the image in imitative stone also of the answering astrological, effective, down-directed *ray*. The beams of the sun in his exaltation at mid-day, or when he is the zenith, strike full on this mystic *gnomon* or dial-point which, as a sort of religious, magnetic “lightning-rod,” draws down, protects-from, or averts or invites according to their malific or beneficent character, the celestial influences. Those powers are continually operating in the cross-travel, and in the shifting, restless, mutual astrological interchange of the planetary bodies, setting significant occult angles every second with all the rest of the starry host. Thus the high central tower even of the Christian Church-cathedral may be considered as the very far-off miniature imitation of the Belus-Tower of the Chaldaeans, and as the conducting-rod (applied in the Christian sense) which draws the holy magnetic

influences the most powerfully. The astrological synthesis of each day's planetary influence—for each day has its horoscope—is supposed in this central—(in the day)—Sun-Tower to be seeking the rule and dominance of the kingly sun, and also protesting for the exercise of his control over the adverse power. This influence from the sun is drawn down to earth mystically in each special Church-spire; which—as it may be said—then disperses the magnetic magic rays in beneficial Christian senses which very deep mystics can only understand. But which are true, nevertheless; conceived in the theosophic mysticism. The reader will perceive that there is a soul under all these—otherwise—empty architectural forms, which mean something more than mere grandeur or beauty; and which hidden, inner-speaking power or spirit we are endeavouring to liberate into recognition in the—except for these explanations—unprepared and disbelieving reader's mind; prone to reject where he cannot understand.

To adapt our speculations to real practice, and to justify them as true; however, hitherto, little brought-forward, we will go on. It was in this sublime view of the shape of a Christian church that the Gothic builders—those master-masons—

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constructed ; the workmen raising from the orders evolved in their lodges. These speculative constructors gradually christianised Western Europe in their designs—teaching in symbol or parable, whether in real forms or in words ; scattering their illumination over the world, but concealing the flame, except to the adepts ; which flame should light up their anagraphs into interpretation. This, when the competent mind fell upon their disclosure. These gifted men—directed in their ingenious ideas by the Spirit—raised anew the temples of God. They superplaced in idea and effigy the Crucified Body of Our Lord upon its “Cross,” and then they lay the Cross itself upon the ground, and it stretched as the Cathedral-church. The head of the body lay to the east ; for here was the sun daily to rise over it. The feet extended to the west ; for the eyes were directed to the “going down of the sun :” and the feet were placed upon the waste of nature into which the sun himself mystically sank. The right-arm and hand are extended northwards, to warn and to guard. The Body of the Lord upon the Cross may be mystically said to be as the Grand Sentinel standing over nature ; and the right-arm and hand protest and warn to the north, because it was from this direction—the

north—that, according to the mysterious eastern tradition, the *world was made*. Hence the proper position of the celebrating priest is to the north of the altar (or holy table); because standing representatively in the place of the Saviour, or of the champion, typically, of humanity, he interposes between the “harmful north,” from which all evil was supposed to be directed, and the supplicating congregation prepared, in the general sacrifice then making for all, to atone and to propitiate. The left-arm and hand are laid to the south; because the southern or left hand side is the female place, or that of the Great Penitential Mother of Nature. The chapter-house of a Cathedral, which is or ought to be round or octagonal, is always placed to the south; and it has female mythic meaning in this particular place, and in its dedication. Also general reasons are found for this southern disposition of the left-arm and hand of the crucified body; and in the place for the chapter-house to the left and south of the church. These reasons result from the oriental theosophic view that it was *from the left* that the making of the great world was finished. Therefore, the Cathedral is, or ought to be, in addition to its cross-form, a great *planetarium* the copy of a prototype as in

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the disposition of heaven from the Maker's hand, and being both such in the sense of the interpreters of the old Jewish Cabala, with the figure of the "Man," or the "Microcosm," or the "Unit of the Universe" represented in its middle—made in it, and exposed in sacrifice upon it—penal, mystically, of a whole creation.

In this grand view of Christian architectural expression, the mystic, tremendous points or wounds—although blessed wounds as the wounds of salvation—these spots upon the mighty plan—these wounds through which the nails transpierce, were exemplified—as these great builders intended, in the centre boss—first of the porch to the north nearest to the intersection of the choir, where the ribs of the arches centre, and which is usually marked by a rose or an angled or starred stud like a nail-head;—and next for the second nail of the Passion driven in the same centre point in the south porch. The south porch ought—and commonly does—introduce to the Chapter-House, which is very generally eight-sided; though there are instances of a quadrangular or cubelike form for the chapter-house. The chapter-house has many similitudes. Its mystic references are to "doom," or to "tile," or to "cap" in construction; or to chapter or

to capital—or even to “hat.” The cardinal’s red-hat is emblematical. The chapter-house is the citadel of the mysterious Christian verities, or the *domus sapientiæ*—typical of the awful, (in its circumstances,) Pardon of the World.

The Latins make use of four nails in their representative rendering of the Crucifixion. The Greek Christians emblem the mystic sacrificial Christian verity by only three nails. And the proper place of the third nail of this mysterious “three” in the plan of a Cathedral-church, is the spot where the font is placed; which is towards the lower end of the nave. The name of font is borrowed from that of *fons*, fountain;—the living water or fountain from the “Rock” or the Lord’s Crucified Body. This is the water that cleanses from “original sin,”—it is the water of life flowing from about the feet of the Saviour. For from this lower transfixing deadly nail, which last affixed the blessed body of the Lord upon the Cross of Agonies (constituting the Tree of Life,)—from this last metaphorical nail, springs the saving efflux of the waters—blessed, baptising, healing waters. We are now in the nave, (be it remembered,) which is derived from *navis*, a ship; and also from the navel, or *umbo*, or centre of the sensitives or of the elementary.

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Here are the flowing, mystical waters—the influx of the holy magic spirit—God's spirit, which pours into the earth;—the cleansing waters in which those who “come up to Galilee”—the western-end or “sundown” of the Church on earth—or to the west door, are to be baptised for regeneration. From this emblemed point at the west-end of the world in the large sense—at the west-end of the Church in the small sense—the Church being taken as the whole Christian World in miniature, with its poles and its equator, and its meridian;—from this font, or this fountain the waters spring. For from this metaphorical holy plenteousness of love and pity, not only springs the Christian baptism into the new life, (the “new man”—to be made in heaven), but also arises the Tree, the Vine, the Cross figure itself; with the “Man” displayed upon it; who is to suffer as the sacrifice and the propitiation. And whether in it, or on it, (or *as* it,) Christ evokes mystically from “out the waters”\* in the emblems and hieroglyphs of all the theosophic views of religion.

\* From this Christian, mystic idea of Christ evoking from “out the waters” comes the representations and references to the “fish,” or to “fishes,” observable in the *insignia* abundant of the early Christians, and continually occurring in the catacombs at Rome, and everywhere in the very old Churches. The vulve-like opening of the

Here, on the south side, we find the Chapter House. It is octangular for certain mystic reasons. It has its theosophic meaning in its secret guarded dedication. It is the type of the covered ark. It will be remembered that after the "Deluge" the top of the "Ark" was taken off. Very many occult significations are offered in this meaning in the repeated *fleurs-de-lis*, in their various different floriated edges, in the numerous anagrams and monograms and ciphers, the "M's," and doubled "I's," and "V's," and "B's," and special coronals and crowns. Also in the colours of blue, of ultramarine, of white, and of purple; which with silver, and sometimes with gold, appear thickly—in the usual mediæval profusion—not only within and without the chapter-houses, but also shining all over the Lady Chapel or upper eastern part of a Cathedral—as also superabundant about the high altar. The doubled ciphers, ("esses,")—also, are continual. These are mystic "esses," which are of prodigious significance in the Christian and other mysteries. They were variously recognised and diversely interpreted

mitre of the Priesthood, symbolized in all the Western readings of the Christian dispensation—both of Roman Catholics and of Protestants—is referable to this same strange idea of the emblematical "fish's mouth," with its numerous mythic inflections.

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during the earlier centuries in which the cross was put forward as a figure, and afterwards when Christianity was established. The ecclesiastical formularies have at all times variously emblemed through this hieroglyphical language wherewith Church-walls were covered ; and this was as freely done as by the old Egyptians, who hardly left any space of wall plain. There is, however, generally a very limited knowledge of the correctness in these matters. And this confusion of comprehension of hieroglyphical record is evidenced in the contradictory forms which are presented, in the erroneous colours upon which the figures are sometimes constrained to shine, and so on through a repetition of mistake. For there are very deceptive ideas as to forms and colours. Colours are not dead things —indifferent their character and purpose—any more than that symbols, or forms, or figures are dead things. They are living things in their way ; and they are as the letters of the language ; which, notwithstanding the realism of the modern days, have force and affinities, and sympathies in themselves—though all this hidden, mysterious side of nature is unsuspected and disbelieved. Forms are talismanic ;—that is, true forms made, by the knowing, with a purpose :—as letters—contrived and arranged by the skilful—are talismanic. Now

the occult theory is, that these things possess a vital, operative; of course magical, force; and that they make music of a beautiful dream-like kind, unheard by human ears: because man is too much the animal to be sensible-to, or to be aware of it. Thus man's own music is, as it were, intercepted snatches as out of a whole heaven of possible lost music, from the knowledge of which—lost in the “First Fall,”—man has grown *down* into his mortality, and become—in this sense—as the brutes to which music is nothing. Thus music, even as man knows it, is supposed to be a relic of the Lost Paradise; wherein, perhaps, it was the creative means, life, and operation, and the very “air”—the air of the angels. Thus, figures and symbols may be in themselves, and by themselves, sentient magical entities:—for we know not what life is, or the means of life, or what music is; all our knowledge being cast now, like molten metal, into *dead* forms. Now all this unusual speculation, contradictory to common sense as it may appear, may be, nevertheless, true when we examine it in the new light, and dive deep into our souls—as it were—with the wondering effort, if possible, to find it;—suspecting that there may be something, after all, in these views, and in the reiteration of the

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possibility of intelligent spirit. All these laws and supposed operations are considered to hold true only of the invisible world, of course; not of this world.

These strange figures of "esses," and other symbols of power, and these lines and forms which are all hieroglyphic and representative, change as the fashions of the emblematic grammar; shift under the influence of new ideas. The Chapels dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist, those which bear the name of Our Lady, or the Blessed Virgin Mary—either of the "Star of the Sea," or of "Bethlehem"—and those inscribed with the sacred titles of the Holy Spirit, all have the same illustrative mythic meaning. The collar of "S.S.," with its oval-formed jewel, is the collar of the truth or of the *Sanctus Spiritus*. *Sancta Sophia*, Sacred Wisdom, is represented as "Alpha and Omega"—the beginning and the end—the two extremities between which all things are detailed in heaven and earth as between the two points or poles possible; whether in the divine or in the human intention. According to a passage in Deuteronomy, verse 27, when the Israelites desired Moses to take the part of a Mediator between God and themselves, they spake to Moses in the original Hebrew as to a female—

in fact as to the *Sanctus Spiritus*. There is an extraordinary supposition adyanced in the comments of Rabbi Solomon and some other Jewish expositors of the Talmud, who contend that Moses in the pathetic expostulation in Numbers the Eleventh, 15th verse, and the people in the instance in Deuteronomy, were so frightened that they "spake false grammar."

We will summarise the meanings that the cross affords when laid as a figure on the ground in this sense of a built Cathedral. It springs from the occident to the orient; where it finds its culmination or crown of glory. The Jewish day also began in the evening, and not in the morning. The eastern exterior point is the "crown celestial," endowed with light with the first rays of the sun. Here is the Chapel of the Lady, or of the Holy Spirit. The axis of the cathedral is arranged so that the sun at the mid-summer solstice should traverse its extremest eastern point, and pass along the line of the axis at its rising—like the sun magically and holily vivifying sensitively a body. In this new glory of the risen-sun the starry points of the angles of the Lady Chapel mean the chaplet of "sharp thorns"—then glorified and golden thorns or rays, mystically, in the agony. In some of

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the old cathedrals—though it has been little observed, and, when it has been remarked, it has been misinterpreted — the east end of the dromos or long Christian pile is crooked a little out of the right line, and is bent to the north. This strange and mysterious obliquity in the form of the Christian cathedral—observable mainly in the very oldest structures, where the mystic hints were offered as the most venerable and perplexing :—this twist, so to speak, has bewildered nearly all the architects, and most of the antiquaries ; who have been puzzled to find a reason for that which at first was even doubted as a fact. Now the reason of this singular, and yet vividly-indicating diversion from the consistent and expected right-line, is very striking ; originating in the art and thought of the ancient enthusiastic builders. The explanation will prove wholly new — even unlikely — except to those who from experience know how the first Christians beautifully and delicately implied and figured their allegories ; and threw here and there a deep picturesque hint. This crooked diversion — abruptly occurring — from the right line, is made at a particular point. It is cast on the cross-line where the intersection of choir or chancel and the perpendicular concur. This

arrangement symbolises nothing other than the dependent head of Our Lord when it fell to the north at the final surrendering words which sealed our Redemption—"IT IS FINISHED."

We have said that the choir, quire, or *cor*, is the chest or throat, or heart and centre of life. On this *sector* of the idealised extended body of the sacrificed God, rises the Centre-Tower—as the protesting talisman—to its highest—soaring into the sky to where the steeple attenuates;—fining into the bright white clouds, the islands of the brilliant blue sea of the bright sky in summer. Of the arms extending right and left as transepts at right-angles to the main cross, we have already spoken. That part representing the trunk of the crucified body is the middlemost long-bulk of the building. Thus a Cathedral is a mimic representation of a man's body, set extended east and west. Sometimes second transepts occur, placed lower than those transepts representing the arms. These latter are the swathes of the Sacrificed Lord. The legs extending straight to the west—and figuratively having the feet ON the sundown—constitute the long portion of the Church called the nave. The "third nail" in the Greek view of these Christian forms — as we have before remarked of the Greek number of the crucifixion-

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nails—is struck straight through that point—this is purely, abstractedly, and mystically—at which the *fons* or the fountain springs—the baptism into the “living waters” of the new, or of the regenerate life. From this holy welling spot—this sacred fountain of healing waters in the blessed mercy of the Pardoning God—branches the “True Vine” metaphorically—as which the “Son” of the “Father,” the “Intercessor,” the “Divine Renovator and Restorer,” has pronounced himself. To the feet of Jesus the little children were commanded to be brought. The congregation—nay, all people were enjoined periodically to go up to Galilee. Now we have shown that the Galilee is the west-end of a Church—more properly of a Cathedral-church, or a Cross-church. This is called the “Galilee” at which the exterior multitude assembles, and to which the priests come westward—again in the travel of the sun, or from sunrising to sunsetting metaphorically—to meet them. Obsequies are celebrated from the west, or from sun-down. Marriage-processions ought to enter the Church by the western doors; but they ought by no means to issue out by the same way, but to re-enter into the public ways by a side-exit through one of the southern transepts, certainly not towards the north; as if to meet evil. Under all

this, there is a huge amount of symbolising, sentimental mysticism—very true and very interesting of its kind ; but upon which we have no space, or present opportunity, to dilate farther ; although these subjects are naturally most interesting.

The people in their number—besides the particular children to be baptised—are received at the “Galilee,” which is as the public inlet or most important entrance to the Church-cathedral. In going, they have recourse to the feet of the Saviour. The “Galilee” is the great western, central porch ; where the grand semi-circumvolving sculptures over the doors abound. Here the priests were, in the old Catholic days, only permitted to communicate, in the worldly manner, with the people. The high, majestic western towers are twin-towers. They are these coupled *tors* or towers in the more modern acceptation ; but in the earlier times they were single, or if doubled at the west-end of a Cathedral, they were set with an uncertainty as to the correctness of their several places. The advanced independent arch or building placed forward or far west of the great Church, is a *propylæum* or *propylon* in the old classic sense. It is a *phyle* or avenue of passage between mystic uprights. The *lychgate* found

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frequently in old country Churches, is also a miniature *propylæum* or *propylon*; adopted into the meanings—principally sepulchral—of the catholic *formula*. Lychgates were used in the services at the final reception of the dead body back to that dark gate from which it issued supposedly.

The two high western towers at the end, were anciently the double *lithoi*, talismanic uprights, or grand classic *palladia*—assuming the same awful meaning in the Christian dispensation. From between these two grand attesting pillars, the Calpe and Abyla, as it were; the two mountains metaphorically, the last of the wreck of the first world; the Columns of Hercules upon which the World—though as yet formless unfigured mythic clouds were as the type of transition—was to be supported:—it was from between these two western towers, which were afterwards moved-up to and included in the building itself, that the long-displaying priestly procession was to issue in full splendour. This thus descended the figurative “Hill of Zion,” into the supposedly new world left free for it, imitating in this procession the issue of the post-diluvian patriarchs from the Ark down Ararat, when the waters which had “prevailed over the earth” had subsided. There is no doubt that

these memorial or reminding towers were originally single towers at the west end, or the "voiced" or belfry-end of the vast Church-cathedral or Cross-church; because in Normandy particularly, and in many places on the continent, besides being a fact observable in England, and a feature amongst all the older Churches, there are traces of the *added* tower among the continual (afterwards,) double towers. This added tower, or left-hand tower, differs repeatedly from the corresponding one placed to the right, in many archaic and deeply representative or figuring respects more or less ample and significative, or less important. To supply a conclusive proof of the destination of these two towers, it may be remarked, in regard of the double towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, that originally the male tower, or the tower to the right, displayed the symbols of the sun; while the meaning of the other tower was evidenced by the show of the *insignia* of the moon. These dispositions of right and of left, and the other architectural and hieroglyphical references offered are most important. They supply the explanatory difference both in place and form, in the towers, of male and female. These dividing elucidations, and this particular theosophic architectural marking-up, as it were—seen so

clearly in a Christian Church—would seem, almost, as if derived from heathen instincts mysteriously. But they are Christian enough ; and they refer to the several persons and offices of the Saviour, and of the Holy Virgin, or “Mother,” whose emblems and theosophical *insignia* are also those of the *Spiritus Sanctus*, of the Holy Ghost, or of Saint John.

Sometimes a single tower is placed at the west-end of Cathedral Churches on the continent. In certain instances there is only a rudimentary tower—as it may be called. And where this single tower, in its emblemed design, appears to be finished, it is found to differ materially from that which may be called fitly the “prince-tower”—which we shall now style that tower standing on the right side. The tops, or the steeples of these two different towers at the west-end of a great Church are of unequal height frequently, when they owe their origin to different periods—to the growing periods of architectural sacred destination. All of them are “male” and “female;” as forms, signs, or mathematical shapes—giving emblems in stone construction.

In contradistinction to the strict eastern and western arrangement as noticed above, the peculiarity, or the anomaly—as it may be supposed—of

placing the monuments of the dead, whether within or without a Church, with the head to the west and the feet to the east, is explained in the following manner. We are to consider that all humanity looks for salvation to the Sun of Righteousness. The sun, and the Saviour who has his mansion in the sun—which latter is the objective “light” of this world—at the resurrection which is to open to them; dawn, (and appear), to the faithful departed, of course, from the east. And it is to hail, and to be raised by the first beam of saving, that those who have departed this transitory life are laid, “all the one waiting way;” looking to that great eternal sunrise. For they are not “dead—but sleeping.”

A Church in the old catholic days—we are now speaking in the mysterious, occult way—was covered all over with sacred, fearful, defensive devices. And it may be said, in figurative language, that it was fortified at all points of any possible adverse access. Innumerable texts and profuse holy inscriptions, and thrilling prayers and invocations were written over every part of an old Church. These were supposed, day and night, to be in active, spiritual, magic operation. Wonder-down and bending-down to these incessant adjurations which the very sun vivified to life all day

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long when he was up, and which the clouds gloomed-again as into cries for pity, or the sun re-awakened-again to hope or into warning as the changeful light heightened, as the celestial champions were supposedly arrested ; and as they, (themselves,) besought of God. The various ranks of the heavenly defenders were thus appealed-to and implored as they passed ; and their attention was enforced, as it were, by unliving—unvocal—but none the less powerfully operative, talismanic adjuration and influence. A great architectural Church was thus as a spiritual castle or fortification. Its emblems were its stores of arms—its texts were its scattered charms—certain hieroglyphs and *formulae* were its exorcisms. This may all seem fanciful. But so intimately and so powerfully were forms interwoven with religion in all early ages, that it is not so fanciful, perhaps, as it is reliable, beautiful, and true. So potent are forms in the Christian Religion, that in the enthusiasm of the mediæval period ecclesiastical buildings, every single Church—nay, all structures raised in the Gothic taste—were covered over with devotional ornament and expressive symbols, with every curve, and spot, and point made of beseeching or of reminding significance. Holy figures, sacred emblems, saints, angels, the Divine Persons,

gloried and glorifying attributes and adjuncts—every conceivable sign and variety of curve which could offer honour to the Holy Persons, and could elevate in the raised and the sublime sense, were lavished with wonderful earnestness; so far as representative art could urge and express in architecture, or mind acquit itself in figures.

How all these various and multitudinous forms, figures, emblems, monograms, and pictured, modelled or sculptured meanings were made subservient-to—and sprung in their alterations out-of—the grand master-figure of the “Cross,” we need not say. But the “how,” and the “why” will be fairly gathered from our pages taken altogether—and explaining; as we proceed with reasons.

And now the Church is alive and exciting with its religious impressions. There is something indescribably affecting in the sight before us. The Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper is about being celebrated. The modulations of the musical sacrificial service hum and whisper; and now they rise into melodious, peace-breathing, blessing-conferring confidence. The organ alternately swells and sinks; raising the soul upon vaulting waves and surges of harmony. The delicious tones linger pleadingly about the columns, afford a new sense to the painted pictures; which in all the shining

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glory of the glass in the great east-window gleam and glow over the deepening rite as the sacrifice intensifies in its phases; as the priest, (so awfully occupied), intones; as the silently-waving thuribles seem to flicker golden, and to weave fresh mystic wreaths or curls of fragrant, thickening incense—which almost seem to glow, like fierce fiery smoke in the new bright light, flashing from about that grand altar. What is that great act, (or are those acts), leading-up to the crowning consummation? What is that “Rite” at which the very music seeks, though restrained because of that expected “Presence,” to burst-out in ardent, joyful, triumphant peal? Why are those lovely sounds, whispering of Paradise, yet kept-down and repressed in sinking fear? Why do the airs urge faintly and fearingly where music should seem most fully to give out its triumph? Why does the sacred strain sink depressed into more gently-speaking notes—melody which is the more sweetly-touching, pleadingly-touching—because it passes-into pauses diffused, and weak, and incapable through love and reverence? The music changes, and seems to seek an escape out of its own irrepressible but controlled fearing energy. Why should this very kindling enthusiasm seem to be hushed-back, except that there is



that mightiest object of attention expected, before which it fails? Music and prayer and praise; murmured words, and the gleam of holy lights; figures robed and dulled in mists and in sweet-smelling smoke; chants and passages of appeal to the "Coming Intercessor;" kneeling votaries, partaking of that blessed bread, and drinking—on account of its meaning—of that awe-exciting cup—these are around. In this sacrifice of "Bread and Wine"—in this etherealising of the elements upon the altar, there is deep Mystery. There is a transcendental passing-over and interchange of real into ideal, and of ideal into real; until the mind of the worshipper is lifted above the earth—enlarging the scope of the lighted circle that contains the world—in your new beliefs. The scene becomes something altogether different from the world. This latter fails from before you, and recedes from under you, and it parts from about you. You are no longer held to earth in vulgar needs. Impossibility seems no longer impossible. Time and place, and the doubts and distrusts of reason give way before that conviction that ALL is possible to God—and therefore that that tremendous thing, the "Real Presence," is possible. And *he would be bold* who should so limit the power of the Saviour as to declare that his real presence

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upon his angel-invested Altar should be IMPOSSIBLE. None have yet gone quite this length, we think.

Surely it is something to imagine that that inexpressible love—that eternal love subsists unknown and unknowing of time, since it is *time itself*. It must be independent of the restrictions of place, since love is *all place*. Surely it is not vain to suppose that the love of the Saviour *lasts*. The Lord can make himself visible—bodily visible—if he wills it; when he wills it; and as he wills it. Surely the necessities of the corporeal are not master of the “Master of All Making.” The love of humanity on the part of the Saviour of Humanity cannot be but equal to that which it undertook. He must be competent to the power to redeem. And to redeem out of matter, he must be the “MASTER of MATTER.” Love is power, and power is love; each commensurate with the other in the Divine Hands. Christ will not fail of his object. Infidels doubt both God and his power; truly because their “kingdom is of this world.” Now the love of this Divine Being exterior to the world—for the realised God must be manlike in his characteristics, otherwise we cannot think of him; for God himself is so awful an “Idea” as literally

not to be thought about:—now the love of the Saviour, who is the “Deified Man,” begotten of His Father “before all worlds”—that is, conceivable worlds—which mean the HUMAN MIND, in which alone the world *is*:—now (to repeat again, and to apply), the love of the Saviour must be equal to the whole purpose of the Saviour. And it fails, (of itself), before the power of the Devil, or of that of the “DENIER;” if it cannot compass that which it intends, and if it be a mere cold, useless abstraction or aim in the sky—a thing only for the fancy. Thus it would be something so weak as to be impossible to penetrate through the thickness and the mean limitations of man’s common state. Else the power of the Saviour would be no power at all; if in the absolute disposal of the invisible, or of that which is to man miracle, or the super-natural or the impossible, (because he judges of his own impossibility, or of nature; through which alone he is, and his mind is):—if in his power over the invisible, in which the “visible” is contained as in a circle, the Saviour could not *conquer* and convert; and take the real into himself—treading the real up into the unreal, and transfixing and convicting the Dragon “MATTER” into the ghostly bodiless; or conquest into the miraculous, or into

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miracle, or into inspiration, or into Spirit with the lance of the Great Champion of God's Hosts, or of Heaven, (out of "Flesh")." Then if the world's Redeemer could not do this—he would be no Redeemer ; no Conqueror ; no Saviour ; but only a Bodiless Aspiration, born in us out of the fumes of the longing heart alone. Love—immortal love —would in this brutish, soulless, material devil's view, (which is the scientific view ; without faith), be then engengered only in the centre of Hades—there in the black heart of the bottomless pit itself. If this power of the Saviour be not absolutely true over the real things about us, and if miracle be not possible in us and amidst us—now and every-when and everywhere—then is love only the fiery-spring and the well from the heart of the devil or of the nether-place. And in this, as the falsely-fiery love, it would, (if this were true), burn as the Ruin-fire only ; the fire of hell itself ; the mask, the mitre, the body-armour, the headpiece and glowing-sighted visor, the fiery habit rayed and intense, as the proudful lust of that False-Shining One, the "Devil Himself;" the Lucifer ; Prince of the Immortal Ruins—prince of that "Greatest Ruin out of Heaven"—that Embodied Destruction, "Man," or that which he has made "Man"—his slave and servant, his

adorer in this world—and his devil's would-be prey afterwards.

We think that we have now conclusively shown that the conversion of the “Real Elements” is possible. If this be not so, then the power of the Saviour is incompetent to conquer the obstructions that he, (himself,) in the building-up of nature, and in the making of man—since he is God Himself—has raised about the mortal comprehension; which, for salvation, he has still enjoined to recognise him. Either the sacrifice of the consecrated visible body is made upon an altar intended for a victim, or it is as a table simply at which any company sits. That highest point—the Eucharist—in the Christian service of God, is either an altar for a victim or a table for company or for ordinary partakers. Both it cannot be. In the former case we seek to make ourselves inheritors with the grand propitiation who is to stand for us, and we raise ourselves to Christ. In the latter instance we bring-down the ideas of the Saviour to ourselves; by *ourselves* presuming to sit in companionship with him, along that typical table, with the “Saviour of the World”—whom we cannot bring ourselves to believe is God and Man at the same time, because we know that we ourselves are mere men; as is all humanity common, or

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men. The Christ is therefore occupying, seated, the centre-place as president simply; doubtless only of a "company," though a spiritually-meant company. Table or altar, therefore, it really is. Altar or table it is. We repeat; it cannot be both. We must therefore make our choice between the two, as we become awed into fear or satisfied into placidity. Falling altogether into easier terms about this Sacrament, if we suppose it offered from a table. We repeat that the idea is grand to an extreme; and tremendous if we conclude that it is the "Real Presence" in miraculous transubstantiation, and not a pale copy of a memorial only, where the Real Person is far distant or nowhere, and only to be thought-of in mere faith and not in the bodily senses. For the convictions of the senses overpower us in the flesh, while those of faith are necessarily nothing. Since we can believe nothing, in reality, of which the senses either have not assured, or do not assure us—spite of all our efforts upwards; which are only *dreams*. Therefore until we can believe our DREAMS, we have made no advance. But we have made advance in our fancy because the ceremonies reconvert us; and we accept our dream of the sacrament true, because we have felt it as sense.

It is not too much to suppose that the same

love, with the same vivid strength, that led to the offering of his body to be crucified as the oblation for the sins of the world, (past, present, and to come)—; that this same love should still operate as between man and heaven. Is it much to conclude that this love should still be strong enough to survive, not as mere memory and in idea only, but as in act and deed, and in the full force? Love and pity give the continued possibility of renewed and renewing sacrifice; because Christ's love and pity are lasting as long as the world lasts. That love being not for one exertion only, but perpetuated for all time; still as present now on earth, as it once was in the time remote. Sense could not limit it to that one act of Crucifixion-immolation; else sense would be greater than the lord of sense, who made himself, (and it), for all time; to be understood, not by the common man—for the common man is “man” in mere necessities. But the common man is no longer common man when he is transmuted in the state of enthusiasm.

The stories of dreams would be impressed upon us as very true and convincing, if the images could be linked together in consistent language. Thus if the dream could *come out of itself*, we should believe it as fact. But this exposition must be

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mere absurdity when offered, only, without the means of the comprehension of it. This consistency of comprehension—this seeing, as it were, with “daylight-eyes”—must be annexed, to make dreams pass. We have not, in reality, fuller assurance of things occurring in daylight with our eyes wide-open and ourselves wide-awake, than we have in dreams. The truth of real things, and the truth of dreams is only “assent”—even although in dreams we know that we are dreaming. For the dreamer has to himself an assumed or supposed, competent apparatus of sense. If it were not for this—and if dreams were not, (mystically,) “real things” in another state—there would be instant waking to convince. Anything addressed to our judgment without its justification in our means of understanding it is painful. It is so, simply because it is something not understood. All things not understood have a painful effect ; which is shewn by our impatience under the administration of them. Curiosity is pain of its kind ; because it is an unsatisfied sensation, or sensation “stopped half-way”—wanting the clearing-up. Our curiosity comes out of the very distrust that the thing which we are curious about is true.

In fact until this question of miracle is fairly settled in the affirmative as true of this modern

period as equally as of any other period, no real religion is possible ; because we shall only *think* that we believe in matters of religion, instead of really believing. Because men looking-down and finding the world only, would seem to be able, (so to speak), to get on very well without God. And inasmuch as making all phenomena a grand mechanical, planetary, natural machinery, men seem to be so free, and upon such familiar terms with the world, because they have it all to themselves with their own knowing :—meanwhile that they are feeling assured that there are no personal or real things, (strange things), walking in it to frighten them ; except the “things” which are called men—which do not frighten them, only because they are so common. Man himself, truly, is a dreadful IMAGE walking about the earth ; and we are only familiar with him because we have grown-up to the idea of him from our childhood, and seen him so often.

Men fancy that they carry a certain possible notion of the whole comfortable sure scheme of creation in their head ; and that men, since that they make it all, are that “creation” themselves—centreing everything in that “I.” Man’s individual expansive feeling of himself is all creation to him. His condition—which implies the whole universe,

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since there is nothing other than himself in the world to his knowing—is perfectly reducible to reason, and it is a state—since his senses are the inlets of so many pleasures—in which man can feel very agreeably domesticated. This is the natural result—this is the certain outcome of human reason, (and stupidity), and its cultivation. For human reason is absurd and unreliable, and leads infallibly FROM God. And when we trust it, we are submitting ourselves to the lures of that “Dark Adverse One,” to whom the disposal and government of very much, indeed, in this world is clearly committed. But upon this evil in the personal guise of the Sinister Genius, or of the Deified Matter—that “Old Dragon”—the foot of the Archangel Michael, the most active of the generals, (so to speak), of the army celestial is firmly placed. Well have the adepts figured the triumphant lance of the warring archangel, that dominator of the spirits ;—gloriously have they invested the archangelic commander with indispensable bodily attributes—to understand his office—in the Person of the Blessed Saint George, Patron of England. Saint George reareth aloft his glorious sanguine cross. And he hath had given to him that Dragon-piercing “spear,” which is typically projected, (convicting), through all flesh—

indeed, (mystically again), through all “matter.” These are unusual, mysterious—scarcely intelligible—expressions relative to the office and position of Saint Michael, the Champion Archangel or the Warring Archangel, with the hagiological, occult meaning of the text in Genesis—“Cursed is the ground now for thy sake”—as addressed to the “Fallen Man”—or Adam. The spear of Saint Michael piercing and transfixing into conviction the “Dragon,” the necessities of this world and matter, and in another and strangely mysterious sense annihilating REASON—convicting reason into “unreason,” and unreason into “reason” in the interchange of “God’s reason” for “man’s reason,” (which is that of the Devil);—this spear which searcheth the worlds visible and invisible and slayeth that denying, with its conquering point—sharpened in the immortal light of the armouries of God, to which the answering concaves of fabricating hell reply only with imitation, falsely vieing, fiery lustres, sharpening *their* dart or shadowy Saint Michael’s lance also—this is the Holy Ghost.

Now to speak still mystically, for the attempt to separate mysticism from religion is hopeless, unless we would have no religion left. In the deep *mythos* in which the christian truths lie buried, and

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every religion is story, myth and transcendental cloud, lost in abstraction and in profound mysticism on its divine side)—passages of speculation and of history, (whatever this tissue of plausibilities or fables history is), from the days of King Arthur, and those of the Round Table, until this dense, unbelieving, soulless “NOW”—barren of all but *weeds of reason*, not of flowers of heart or of faith—wild and mad as this latter, even, may sometimes seem. To sum-up the phases of this grand symbol of the christian religion—the Cross of Saint Michael is the “Rosy Cross,” and the rosy cross is the cross of the Christian Rosicrucians; who are ordered to take-it-up and to assume it.—with all its obligations—and wholly to follow the Lord. And the badge, or the cross, or the arms of Saint Michael, the champion of heaven, is the important one-half, or the upright or perpendicular portion of the cross itself; which figures as the mythic spear, or the obelisk or the dagger. It has also another name, and another use in another spiritual region—where it is the sign of reprobation and of punishment, and in which mythic form it is gloriously complete;—which name, (and, rightly looked-at, awful use), we forbear to give—because, if we should even hint it, our readers would think that we are indeed only

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relapsing back again into dreaming ; when we wish to speak distinctly of the serious meanings of the different parts of a Christian Church, and of its central object the cross.

Again ;—there is no more idolatry in accepting figures as the explanation, and as the means of the acceptance of positive doctrinal truth, than there is in using ideas as the means of common comprehension. For ideas, themselves, are only objects—representative objects. Nothing can be conceived in faith except through some visible concrete fixed idea ; respecting which the senses can make no mistake. We might as well be accused of worshipping *ideas* in being aware of them, or in accepting figures and idols themselves as divine, and worshipping the things which we ourselves make, when the mind, (to think at all), is forced to perceive *things* as the only means whereby it can become aware of itself ; or know anything.

We will conclude this section of our book with some forcible reminders. Which is it, then, to be ? Is the Saviour the mere man ; and can man save himself, and be man in the next world, or in any area of consciousness at all ? Or is the Saviour the Intervening GOD—Mercy counter-vailing Justice ;—and does he save man from himself ? Does man need a Mediator ? Is man.

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the impersonated penalty borne convicted through the worlds in the immortal justice? And is the Incorporated Saviour the sacrificed means to pass man back to the home from which he has so long been banished—so long wandered. If the Realised God—not to speak it profanely—cannot be supposed as capable of SUFFERING—he cannot KNOW. For KNOWING is SUFFERING. And all suffering—whether of the body, whether of the mind—is mirrored, (just dully or acutely), in the glass of the vital, or thinking, or *sensitive faculty*; both of the lower creatures, and of man. Even good is emotion, and emotion is disturbance; pain on account of its uncertainty of continuity. For good—in this state—knoweth it cannot last; and therefore it hath anxiety. All the virtues are pain—all the infinite forms of love are pain; because love is unsatisfied longing, and fruition exhausts itself—being transitory. Passion is like the lightning. It achieves its highest point in the *flash*—and ceases. The world cannot be all lightning; to put the *theorem* strangely. Neither can inspiration, or the sight of miracle be but of a moment. The sense, or the conviction of miracle, we should rather have said, is in the very idea like the lightning; and is as impossible as fire out of the air—before God put it there.

Good ; the sense of the beautiful ; longing ; all the infinite shapes, moods, and varieties of even the master-passion—love, are pain. Religious adoration, or loving reverential languishment is pain ; because it is the longing for some method of escape out of this world into the perfect joy of complete, assured *possession*—free from that dreadful fear of the termination of our joy. Joy makes fear. Fear is pain. Fear is the greatest pain—for the consummation of the dreaded thing we feel and fear would be extinguishment of our joy, and thus far termination ; even relief. Relief is happiness ; for happiness, except in the momentary glimpse of impossibility out of this world, is, of course, impossible for man. Religious love has something in it like mortal love. All the eager desire and delirious passion, or love at the highest force of subject for object, or of the feminine for the masculine, (and of the masculine for the feminine,) is at once grand delight and grand pain—for love longs for its gratifying continuance for ever ; and it essays to overleap to something other than snatches, whether of the spiritual blending-together, or of the material loving clasp. Thus, philosophically and mystically, we may mistake Pain for the Devil when he is the Angel ; and mistake

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Pleasure for the Angel when she is the Devil. This will follow undeniably metaphysically; because we only know pleasure and pain through our bodies—or through our apparatus of sense. And pleasure and pain, and pain and pleasure may be converse—*out of this world*. Therefore now to apply. We need the sensible, bodily image of anything and of everything to make it particular—to make it belief at all. As mind and matter are hopelessly distinct, we can never, with our materiality, believe the Sacrament as a real thing through our reason; which denies its possibility. Therefore we must dismiss our reason, which is the denial; and carry over only the unprepossessed, submitted consciousness merely, as making of it the blank or neutral ground; to be then filled with the miraculous efflux which shows us the Body of the Lord in spiritual harmony and incorporation; using and becoming exclusively the “very material” which we present in ourselves—which is our own world’s built-up cognition or our “material idea;” become for the moment “God-informed.” Thus the, otherwise, hopelessly impassable gulf of real and unreal is bridged-over in the supernatural extinguishment, or synthesis, or absorption, or downward-illuminating glance

of the Holy Spirit—the miracle becoming one with the worshipper, and the worshipper becoming one with the miracle.

For the bridge of light from body to spirit, and, interchanging, from spirit to body, across which *Belief* passes, stretches in the moment—like the divine ray—from the negative to the positive, and reacts—in “embrace of the natural with the supernatural,”—from the positive to the negative ; —the Human Soul having passed into “Paradise” and become the Angel ; and the Angel having passed into the Human Soul : both treading that fiery line in the immortal flash of Rapture, or of the Holy-Ghost : and both becoming one—God passing into man, and becoming “Man,” and man passing, (in the moment), into God, and becoming God.





## CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

### THE OUTSIDE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

**F**S London becoming too advanced and progressive for its old monuments? Is the feeling regarding antiquity changing? Is the thought about old things and the reverence for remote things slipping-out of people's appreciation? Is our interest growing languid in ancient buildings, and in Churches—hoar with age—in our great noisy metropolis? Is real life leaving us in false life here in London? Where day chases day, and where night treads on the heels of night and new daylight—not to say *sunlight*—with regardless impetuosity which leaves all indeed for the morrow, but only in the eager, unsatisfied sense? There was a time—and that time is not so very

long since ; not so remote but that people not past the middle age may very well remember it—when buildings — dwelling-houses for instance — and Churches as of propriety and right ;—not to speak of the people themselves, seemed to shrink inwards and keep judiciously inwards. And—sedate and thoughtful—they then appeared not so glaringly to expand and display, opening-out too readily to the inquisitive, superficial observer ; limited in faculties, narrow in sight, hasty at conclusions, slow to penetrate—in short, the mere spectator without the art of considering. Old things may thus become old things in the despising sense. Westminster Abbey seems to be almost growing melancholy in being out of date. Time seems to have rolled-on and to have left it stranded amidst the new bustle of Westminster.

The great story of life, told in its appealing shows, is not to be gazed-at and gaped-at with the idle, purposeless curiosity of the uninformed. It is the empty mind which is ever on the look-out for novelty. There is a solemn lesson told by our old grey buildings, which remain as antiquated—nay, as antediluvian ships—left high and dry, useless and abandoned, incomprehensible and even grotesque on the risen shore of the modern time.

Old time and new time supplies a sort of geological parallel. While the new time slowly heaves higher into day, the receding tide gradually sinks as the years increase, silently accumulating. This lesson ought not to be disregarded.

There is not in all the British dominions a place of which we may not feel more thoroughly proud than Westminster Abbey. It is our citadel of antiquity—our *palladium* of a building—our rock of antiquarian refuge — our storehouse for great memories — our standing lesson, (continually set before us), of nobleness ;—our shrine for holy things—our temple of patriotism—the Pantheon within whose *receptacula*, (or niches), are crowded the figures of all our noblest benefactors ; those spirits once here in their visible forms, but now present alone in their stone imitations or statues ; which we set-up to look-at, to wonder-at because their originals were once men as we are, while we feel so unequal to what they effected. Thus we prose over them, making of them, as it were, items with which our curiosity is to amuse itself. We search out the life and spirit and meaning of their history ; and records and story only present us with a depressing blank in which we find with Hamlet, mere—“words, words.” Very faint are the relics of the great men—very indistinct and

unreliable are the vestiges of the remarkable people gathered-into this last great "Ark" of history—Westminster Abbey. Little remains of fact in the mouths of the hesitating, purposeless recorders, who with the duty of showing the monuments to strangers pass from name to name—from coronet to coronet—from crown to crown with equal indifference. Attention vanishes from the whole pile when the last janitor of Westminster Abbey quits it;—leaving the dead to all their silent grandeur, giving them up into solemnity. Ah, this is a sad thought—that nothing—neither state, possessions, natural gifts, or money—can keep us from that ultimate, very serious, remorseless sweeper-away of dignities, Death. He that sternest, most implacable setter-to-rights—who clears in one last dreadful twirl all our cobwebs of finery with his black-plumed broom.

We wonder at the great actions of those great people, and we quietly amuse ourselves with the idea whether we should be equal to these extremes of heroism under the like circumstances, if such or similar should ever befall. But we end with distrust of our courage—doubt of our firmness; and we are content to admire and to pass on. We exchange for another perspective—less trying, and with new and more cheerful light,

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letting-in the solacement of modern life and embracing its flatteries. If opportunity for such historical advantage had offered, or if fate had allotted such chance of fame to us, should we have availed—should we have justified our position? In our thoughts, even, we seem inclined to withdraw. Who can know what he or she may be equal or unequal to? Possibly the half of history is accident only. Perhaps the half of history is only what "might have been;" but which never "was." Probably most of the great historical deeds were the result of the mere chance or prompting of the moment—perhaps never intended; even something else to do or say might have been intended. But fate made history. Fate that traverses the generations and lifts the atoms up in its course along the waste of sand, as the electrified items—points momentarily magnetised and then dropped. In the blank pages of the past we find the great deeds standing-out; and as remitted now to the world of shadows—they and their consequences—we must leave them. It is for us of this far-off and weak generation, (unsteady in the historical walk,) only to admire and think these remarkable passages in the lives of these celebrated people impossible as we find them related. But how little we reflect that that which

will be history in the future, is made round about us every day; though that no occurrences uncommon seem transacting to our eyes. *Our* spectators lie far-off in the distant future. And this posterity is as unexistent to us and as much nothing, as is our ancestry that lie now non-existent and shadows, here, with their memory only—(and hardly that)—in Westminster Abbey:—as much gone *to us*, as the future people have not come *to us*.

If there be any spot or place in the whole width, confine and extent of the British rule and dominion that appeals to us—nay, that intensifies in us with innumerable feelings, it is this long cross-form—it is this ground, this oblong whereon that holy place Westminster Abbey stands. Into Westminster Abbey have been lavished all the riches of our history. England is Westminster Abbey, and Westminster Abbey is England—because it is our “Domesday Book.” It is the heirloom of the ages to this country. It is worthy of reverence the deepest;—of admiration the highest. From that far-off day, buried in the mists of the traditional time, when the disappointed Fisherman toiling all day in his solitary boat on the Thames and catching nothing, was at last surprised when he lifted and turned his

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head and saw the Great Patron of the Fishermen himself close to him, seated at the end of his boat—all is wonder. Unexpected, magnificent reward in the appearance of the blessed Saint Peter, disclosed as in his own person coming with his mighty power to help! The poor toiling London fisherman was directed by the prince and father and sainted patron of the fishermen to cast his nets in the particular indicated line, and the reward—in this new counsel, in this new light—was grand and instant. Before the delight and astonishment of the poor labourer of the river had calmed, he was further informed—as the favoured one to whom alone in his deserving and in his humility such a stupendous announcement was to be made—that the just-recently-erected, grand cross-church by which they, then, in the boat lay, quietly riding on the broad blue bosom of the (in-forward time) mighty Thames—that this Church had been anticipated in the consecration; and that it was already dedicated-to, and was to bear the name of the very Saint Peter who sat there disclosed; miraculously present. The fisherman was further told that he was to inform the anxious Bishop, who was then waiting for the duties of the consecration to commence, that the dedication of the church and the ceremonies were

already over ; and that he—Saint Peter—had himself consecrated it, and chosen it for his own. The pious King, too, who was the founder ; and who was waiting with his whole court to lend dignity and greatness to the ceremony, had his message also conveyed to him by the fishermen, who was to repeat the words of the Apostle ; to be vouched in the presentation of a ring transmitted to the king by the Saint himself. Furthermore—since that famous day that gave the name of Saint Peter's to the new church, until this present day when the Abbey Church seems in the changes that have been made and are making around it almost to have survived history—that is, believable history — what events have grown clustering to it ! Solitary Westminster Abbey ! Solitary in thy depths of antiquity. Written over with ten-thousand memories—grave, ancient, venerable citadel for the giants of thought of the past time—gulph into which greatness has gone ; rolling into it with the majesty and clangour of the prodigious procession of the interminable chivalric past English history—we moderns stand insignificant, looking as over the brink into that vast abyss made by the Titanean Spade of the all-surviving “Sexton” ; listening as we think—now and then—even to the remotest jar of up-coming

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thunder that seeks issue overhead ;—that is—upwards into the lighted air from those deepest, undistinguishable profundities into which the generations, and the deeds of the generations—grand, beautiful, holy, majestic—have been alike remorselessly committed—put-by ; let down into the depths—deepest.

Wonder not if we grow enthusiastic and rhapsodic when we extol Westminster Abbey. What a roll of events is there that belongs to it ; since that day of the Fisherman and of the Saint ! The occurrences—rightly viewed—seem more than history. *There is God in them.* They are illustrious, stupendous, miraculous ;—they are human only in the narrowing proofs that they may be tamed-down to our meanness. Westminster Abbey's records are full of greatness and of majesty ; but they are also full of violence, of wrong, of guilt. Again — let us consider the account of the achievements, the strange doings, and the stranger projects and realisations that refer to this old Gothic place. It is magnificent in every way. It has experienced everything—it can proclaim everything—it almost contains everything. Westminster Abbey is the church of churches in England. It is the warrior's citadel ; it is a casket of royalties ; it is the hold that

our great ones garrison. It is the mausoleum of our kings; it appeals to us with many tender touches. The thousands of services which have from time immemorial taken place within it have almost built-up in it Christianity anew. Regal it is in itself, and by itself; for it is the king of buildings. It is dominant—sacred—*nexus* of earth and heaven:—it is as the staircase of the thoughts of Old England from below to above—it is as the mark and symbol of our metropolitan clouds; for ages of cloud have gone over it and attested its being there. Its crosses have been magic upon the noonday light, and upon the midnight air—it is the mark, and symbol, and sign architectural—it is the stamped seal to our actions; for it is as the *sigillum* and a superscription to us; delivering our very many days' life as “our act and deed.” Cast firm in the depths of story, and in the ocean-waste of memory, it is as our Anchor upon Time. Westminster Abbey is England “in brief”—is a transcript of her; and England is Westminster Abbey expanded. In it English history concentrates. From it English history radiates; stretching, with the thoughts of it, even to our farthest Colonies, connected still with these responsive fibres of history—long sympathetic lines of nerves, as it were—with the Mother-Country.

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An account from another hand of this venerable place, and of the feelings which arise out of a contemplative examination of it, will further deepen our respect for, and heighten our interest in Westminster Abbey. It is a long instructive reverie—or rather a series of thoughtful dreams—which take the Abbey as a text upon which to supply a discourse. An observer thus indulged his rumination a number of years ago within its walls. What is here reproduced is adduced as one of the most effective and touching silent sermons—as we shall call them—which was ever preached before that natural public for it—those who know Westminster Abbey; and who explore it with the due—romantically deep interest. The various classes of English who, all the world over, love their country and its monuments, think of Westminster Abbey with affection. If we succeed in exciting excessively strong interest in Westminster Abbey, and induce renewed and renewing visits to this interesting place, and a general new idea of exploration and of thought about it and concerning every part of it, particularly in the deep-thinking, beneficial sense, we shall esteem ourselves fortunate. We shall, then, regard all our speculations as amply rewarded in the newly-aroused *curiosity* of

English people respecting their Westminster Abbey.

We have adopted the graphic purpose, and the outlines of this description of Westminster Abbey—with however very considerable alteration, and with much addition and many fresh suggestions. We leave all the interesting historical and genealogical accounts to the ordinary histories of Westminster Abbey. These are numerous. Several of them are excellent. Among the best with which we are acquainted, we would name to the reader and recommend to him—"Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray, 1868;" and the "History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of Saint Peter, Westminster, by John Neale and Edward Brayley." Both are modern books, and good books; full of information.

The dedication of this Abbey of Westminster is no less involved in obscurity than that the mysteries— even the historical circumstances—are striking of the founding of it. The legend says that Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who died in the year 616, ordered Melitus, then Bishop of London, to perform the ceremony of the consecration; but that Saint Peter himself—to whom the church

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is dedicated—was beforehand with him. According to the story, Saint Peter consecrated the sacred pile in the night preceding the day appointed by the King for the grand ceremony ; and that the invisible celebration or solemnity was made known by an abundance of light proceeding from innumerable tapers held by unseen hands ; also that the waves of glorious music rose and surged as a sea of harmony from the multitudinous invisible choir —whose sacred, delicious strains held far prolonged into the morning light ; blessing and penetrating. All the east part of Westminster Abbey—even as it stands—is supposed to owe its origin to this enthusiastic King Sebert ; who first contemplated the raising of the hallowed pile upon this now noisy spot—so survived of all but the faintest tinge of romance—so far as modern ideas can ever extinguish old superstition ; which is even grand in its persistency.





## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

### THE INSIDE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

**W**ESTMINSTER ABBEY is the most interesting and the most venerable of all the public edifices in London. The surges of a new activity seems to roll round it, however, now. The Metropolitan Railway, the new Westminster Bridge, the modern Victoria Street, and a congeries and collection of commercial and other buildings; new streets, new great highways—some referring to business and some private—insulate the grand old Abbey. It has become a sort of Stonehenge amidst the Streets. So much the worse for us of this modern generation. Antiquity can never suffer, for antiquity is the only thing that survives; but *we* may suffer from our neglect of our old monuments.

“Snug lying in the Abbey.” We recur to the old-fashioned comedy of the “Rivals” for our,

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(at first sight,) too rudely familiar illustration ; though this reference was made to the Abbey of Bath, and not to that at Westminster.

The Abbey we should visit in a mild evening in Spring, when the warm sun — element of kindling life—streams his declining rays through the traceried windows, and when all the world without is springing into renewed existence. How awful the thought that here within these walls—there is no Spring !—

“ The Spring returns, but not to *them* the spring,  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s sun,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.”

Here is perpetual Winter—here the cold hand of death keeps down rebellious spirits that brooked not the supremacy of kings, and forbids alike monarchs farther to oppress or slaves longer to succumb :—all base earth, royal, noble, gentle and simple. Kings, warriors, what are they here but cowards and slaves ? What is all that is left of the greatest, mightiest, and best of them worth ? Old bones, five pounds for twopence. Above those bones what is there remains to do them honour ? A cold stone, a noseless block, a cherub with full cheeks crying with passionate fulness of heart as only a stone cherub can cry, a fame

in marble silently blowing supposed great deeds through a noiseless stone trumpet, an epitaph recording every virtue—*which the dead only have!* Alas—alas! half of this fuss is only for the shadows at night. By fits and starts the other half is only proclaimed when a living person is there, by daylight. The moral of the whole is that of the value of last year's clouds. How much does it all, now, matter? The finest cure for all the vanities of the world is a visit to Westminster Abbey. If that will not cure love of this world, nothing will.

And, after all, was it only for the supreme honour of being deposited in this lofty and grandly architectural bone-house that the crumbling dust below these marbles kept the world in such awe—stirring-up commotion? Where is it all now? Where was it *then*, in reality? Silent is all this world, filled alone with its vacuity. We stamp upon the vault where lays all that the rats have left of Elizabeth our queen, and the reverberated sound quivers with indifference both around her tomb and that of her victim, Mary of Scotland. Did the heartless old woman dream that her dust was to diminish of its small heap in the next cellar? Next to Mary of Scotland?

"Drop upon Fox's tomb a tear,  
"Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

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And if it will then—we put it to common sense—where was the use of those great political noisy men keeping at such mortal distance and interchanging such words of high and mighty defiance through life, when death lays them here at heads and tails like beggars in Saint Giles's? We are here; we stand here, but with no indecent triumph that we are the only persons upright; and we tell you, Edward the Confessor, Richard the Second, Elizabeth, and the rest of the royal skeletons; and you meaner anatomies of dukes, princes, field marshals, admirals of the red, ministers of state;—and you, also, crackskulls of Poet's Corner (which Poet's Corner lies off here to our right hand, and which is silent, and without knowledge or poetry now, because we, the living, have quitted standing in it)—we say, or rather we *would* say, loudly and boldly, that the humble individual who has the honour ideally to address you—we, even *we*, the warm blood careering cheerfully through these real blue veins, our frame or bony system, as the ribs and laths of a substantial human house to be plastered and finished-up with carmine paper or other ornament, laced and swathed by sinewy integuments, wrapped up in good old English broadcloth or muscle, and covered finely with its nap or skin at the outside, and all then with real Saxony and

many buttons, to hold it tight over, we declare (even in the hollow aisles of this great Westminster Abbey) that we are able to go hither and thither—aye, *to get out of this place* having once entered it, to be in the air, to see the sun up there, and to hear the lark sing in the sky. Yea, we consider that we, being alive and self-centred and REAL (with eyes to see), are worthier, greater, mightier, than ye all—ye celebrated, ye noble, ye royal dead!

Hark in your ear, Bess, down below! Can you sign our death-warrant? They tell us that you were once alive, like us, and could sign a *mittimus* out of hand that would send a poor creature—even a “self” and not “another person,” *which makes a very great difference*—out of this comfortable world. Can you send US into nothing? We should rather think not, old lady. Where are your lying courtiers, your flattering poets? Where are those to kneel down on their knees and to kiss your royal hand, shading their eyes for fear of you? Where are all your guards with their bright thirsty steel points? Rusty now, or dusty. Yea, your wise men—where are they? Where is that old muff, Burleigh? Where honest Walsingham? Where courtly Leicester? Where gallant Essex, and still more gallant Raleigh? Where is Anthony Rudd, who

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preached before you, and told you that "age had furrowed your face and besprinkled your hair with its meal?" Where are all the poor wretches you put to death? D'ye hear?

No answer.

Only a very faint murmur of the wind, which may be a whisper to steal round from some of these old cold monuments; or to come moaning from some of the remoter recesses of the Abbey. There, where the very mingled dusky lights are sad; retrospective; plaintive.

All is still again. Still as the very marble around and underfoot.

Lie STILL, too, ye unimportant, useless dead! Lie in your solemn sleep; in which ye can do nothing. Except it be, the teaching us. What are ye now, though surrounded by the tremendous pomp of heraldry, than the meanest dust? Westminster Hall is not far off. It is only over the way. The present Crier of any of the Courts there is of more moment in the eyes of men than is the whole lot of ye. Yea, even the live Beadle of Saint Pancras parish is more gorgeous, for his tinsel lace may flash in this very sun to living eyes as real gold. The last sensation in the placards of the "Evening Papers" is in the eyes of men. Ah, the flight of those many years which have left us only

this! Even the glories of the "Prince Regent," though he actually flourished down to 1830, are becoming influenced and crazed with a sort of grotesque quaint Holbein idea of them. "George the Third" and "Henry the Third" are mingling, though this same sun over our people has seen them all; and he is as hot and as young as ever; and all the rest of the real things have disappeared in the sky perhaps as shadows. Alas for time! Alas for *place*! Cannot we seize something out of this supposed reality? Cannot we escape up into one of those stars that we looked-up at wonderingly yesterday, and may regard again to-night, shining and sparkling, if there be no fog or canopy under God's great ceiling to intercept? Cannot we mount a cloud and be off? Somewhere, *anywhere* rather than to stay here in this world of which we know the fate, and know *our fate* as being in it. What can we do, then, to get out of life, which is nothing?

"Oh, had we the wings of a dove, then we would flee away and be at rest!" For the dove flies to the "somewhere," although he never reaches that "somewhere." The distant hills are those to which our regards are directed with the most wistful longing. We are always unhappy somehow where we are. And yet the mysterious witchery of their blue always recedes as we advance towards the

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distant hills, and leaves us in the unsatisfying “present”—that promised tranquil land flying before us ; ever to fly before us.

But to return to this solemn place, laden with the memories of the centuries and the thoughts of some other world ; which is the only real world of the “real.”

What had you in life—oh silent people who have been gradually brought here—more than I have now? Power, flattery, pomp! Power—to abuse it. Flattery—to be made a fool in the ear with. Pomp—ah POMP! Last and greatest sham of all. To contrast with the narrow dark hole wherein are stowed away your miserable relics. That which lies at the bottom of the sea is more known of than these mortal remainders. Bah!—let me *live*. As long as I can ; as well as I can ; and as contentedly as I can. Let me thank God for what I have. Which is better to me and more for me than all your subterraneous majesties and graces ever had. Here amidst you, and standing over you, I wish for “ETERNAL YOUTH” still to be, and still to stand—youthful and vigorous to live on perhaps through a “THOUSAND YEARS.” Elsewhere to live, and with the blue depths over me ; with that eternal silence, even, which will not give an answer, and while the “day doth have a sun

which does make me wish it done." Feeling the sublime unutterable loneliness of being a man in the world; and not knowing why I came here, nor yet what I am, nor how I am to get out of this OPPRESSIVE WORLD.

But be yours the "preterite," (you silent crowd,) mine the "present" tense, and as much of the "future" as I can, conjugating, attain-to in this verb "to live." And when death comes for his debt, what can befall me worse than to be like you? I, too, buried and forgotten. Where will be then the difference between us? No more than this—that you lie within, and I without Westminster Abbey. Real state—alike to both. AT REST!

But to descend this ladder of sentimental exaltation a little. Let us leave meditations among the tombs to Hervey, who understood that sort of thing. Westminster Abbey is a pleasant place to walk about and to reflect in in warm; or we should rather say, in very hot weather. Then it is cool and mournful enough—though picturesque and wonderful (to those that like it) in the high degree. Wrapped well up, and moving on in good time to prevent catching cold, from one old piece of marble to another, we can get on pleasantly. But it is a very "cold court" that is held

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here, illustrious as may be the dead to whom it is understood you approach to pay your demure respects. But you can spend three-quarters of an hour here very agreeably ; first depositing your hat and walking-stick with a foolish-faced, whisker-fringed pale-looking man in a dark blue gown in Poet's Corner. Here you linger about, fancying how the departed people looked as you stand spying at their stone images. You pause at the tomb of John Dryden—"poet and astrologer"—observing by the way that the nobleman who had the honour of contributing the stone—a "Duke of Buckingham," we believe—has had his own name cut in letters as large or larger than those of the great man he professes to commemorate. Perhaps, however, this was mere accident, or the desire to please on the part of the stonemason, anxious to flatter his lordly employer. Whitbread, the brewer, put up a bust of Milton in Cripplegate Church ; but he had the good taste not to inscribe it—"Put up here by Whitbread, the brewer." But we must not complain. It is good for dukes and earls to patronise letters. And when a duke does a "handsome thing," as Samuel Johnson remarked of a lord who had "written a book," it is perfectly "proper and right that his merit should be adequately acknowledged."

In that corner behold a chaste tablet and a laconic inscription, the origin of which has puzzled. "O rare Ben Jonson!" There is the tablet to the memory of poor Goldsmith. It displays the profile of the poet—a true Hibernian profile, by the way—with the inscription from the pen of the great Dr. Johnson. Then there is the monument to Shakspeare, and Prior, and Gay, and Handel, and a number of others with much Latin; and with ornaments in the taste prevalent in the Georgian times.

But—looking round—we perceive that a group of sightseers (querists as to these curiosities of Westminster Abbey) have collected at the iron gates which lead to the "Chapels of the Kings." You are quietly desired to move onward, stopping only to deposit your fee of sixpence on the tomb of some defunct abbot, who has the perpetual chink of silver tinkling in his ear—now only for the echoes amidst the stones to respond-to. You are now free of the wonders of these gothic shrines and have paid to look your fill.

The guide, as we have said, conducts you at a very rapid rate, and he murmurs off great and remarkable facts with hazy and uninterested, swift monotony. How, poor man, should he do otherwise, since these things concern his daily life

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and his dinner not! You have no time to admire, or to think over what you see; however provocative of attention. The truth is, that each of these saintly chapels in which kings and nobles and historical people lie thick would occupy us with pleasure for an entire day. The great east-end chapel of Henry the Seventh (which abounds with wonders), you could hardly thoroughly exhaust in two days. Its erection is a history, and that which it contains is of superabundant and thrilling interest and romance. When your guide has quitted you, you can stroll more at leisure, and more by yourself, however. You are now in the body of Westminster Abbey. And if you have a sentimental fellow-meditator—one who will not talk, but will think with you as you walk seriously together—now one a little before and now the other falling behind to notice something—there is no greater pleasure of the calm, contemplative kind (which is the best kind), than passing the cold tombs in review and pausing to recal the historical circumstances with which the mouldering tenants below are variously associated. Thus we may have an entire history of England in shadows, and a grand flitting procession of great people as phantoms out of our annals from the Conquest down; with the remembrance that

that same sun that is now lighting-up the windows in gold, and is enlivening everything over you, is the ever-living and lively face that saw all.

As an effect of contrast you cannot do better than spend the morning part of the day, which you devote to visiting Westminster Abbey (if any of the Law Courts are sitting), in being in Westminster Hall amid the rush of witnesses and clients, the bustle of attorneys,

“The tedious forms, the solemn prate,  
The pert dispute, the dull debate,  
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall.”

But if you are engaged in any of the cases as a litigant, and not as a mere spectator, you will have no heart for antiquities or for philosophy. Because your pocket, and the money in it, my dear friend, is concerned uncomfortably.

After the buzz and the bustle of Westminster Hall, and after all this desperate display of self-importance (and other people's importance), walk across the way to the Abbey. The vanity of all human ambition cannot be more forcibly illustrated than in the silence here. In Westminster Hall you see the learned gentlemen in wigs, hammering with their fist-enforced arguments, storming, worrying, combating furiously, with faces reddened with affected passion, and hiring-out

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their indignation and their loud rude talk. You see a crowd of the briefless condemned for the best part of their life to look on and listen—wasting good days and musing uselessly during better nights upon things which concern them not at all, or very little indeed ; but which they hope *may* interest them to a greater extent some day. Months, and perhaps years, are spent in listening and in lingering while other men are speaking ; and these are therefore turning their time to account. All are intent with the hopeless thirst of money and fame. You behold awful eminent judges on the bench, representing years of midnight anxiety and toil in order that special personal fame may be attained. Meantime half the business of the whole world (even as business) goes for nothing. Your fame is only your own idea of yourself, for people in reality think very little about you ; they think only about themselves.

• How mean—how petty—with what sickly disappointment we turn from all this. Bring the proud man but a little way farther, and see how his face changes. Turn a little to the westward, and the busiest face becomes at first blank and then *alarmed*, with a look as if the person did not understand it at all ; but as if he had had

a rude shaking as out of an absurd dream, and was out of temper with you for disturbing him.

Half-a-minute's walk brings you to a silent city where kings, heroes, beauties, titles, fortunes sleep neglected—the sleep of death—no one remembering, caring for, or troubling their heads about them. We behold in this vast place of tombs how empty is grandeur—how insignificant power—beauty how unsightly—fame how unregarded and unknown—fortune how mean. Now if, after this, we return to the legal arena, so far from seeing anything admirable, or mighty or great in it, we behold a hive of useless, uninteresting supposed bee-like industry—occupied upon nothing, tending to nothing, gaining nothing. Nothing but vexation and disappointment, and ending in such a stillness as that here of Westminster Abbey. **THE LAST STILLNESS OF ALL.**





## CHAPTER THE TENTH.

### RELIGIOUS CONFUSION OF THE PRESENT TIME IN ENGLAND.

**W**HEN there is a contest going-on between the lay and the ecclesiastical authorities upon points of religion, which is to succumb? It is not to be endured that the high-placed in the Church should be silent. The Bishops are the Shepherds of the many Christian Folds, who have their wards or bounds, their walks or districts. These are the men properly answerable for the safety of their flocks; for to these Shepherds is committed the crook of guardianship—real as well as emblematical. Shall these Bishops then, simply stand amazed when danger threatens the essential forms of the Church? Shall they compromise and compound when the full proper service of God is sought to be abridged and over-turned by cold men with only lifeless attention, and pressing the convinced only with mere literal

questions? The Magnificence of Creation attests the grand, necessary, natural worship. Shall the guardians of the service be silent when the altar is threatened? The earthly common-sense arguments of the ignorant and the presuming grow louder. Meanness and narrowness advance in their demands, rather than that the heavenly commands for due majestic observance are attended-to. In the humility with which they ought to be received, at least.

Shall then these princes and pillars of the Church—the Bishops:—shall they whose seat is the *cathedra*, and whose place is on the ecclesiastical throne, whose rule and authority is that devolved from Heaven;—shall they whose circuit of presidency embraces the space pointed with the crowding and populous Church spires; shall that which, (in regard of each of them), is the section of the universal Christian Fold which is that called a Diocese; shall these supposed mighty ones be dumb and confounded before the negations of the disbeliever? Shall they not be angry with the reviler, or firm to withstand; rapid in overthrowing the plausibilities of that abundantly more dangerous and insidious class of *natural explainers*; who will debilitate and reason down—successfully as they themselves

think—the dogmatic narratives of Scripture? speciously attenuating-up miracle into myth, and then melting the myth into meaninglessness to all but children. Separately, (and contending remotely), the Bishops may be timid; because they have no support from the chief central authority, for of this there is NONE in the Anglican Church; which is principally made up of talk and disputation from all quarters, and but little tenet in any. Courageous maintenance of belief is sometimes *dangerous* maintenance; and the days of the martyrs are past, even in the service of Jesus Christ! But when the Saviour himself has promised that in his name when “two or three,” (of the “simplest,”) are gathered together (and perhaps he will be present the more readily just on that account) he “will not be far from them,” surely it would not be too much if the appointed and legitimate guardians of the flocks should rally valiantly to their defence; at all events with a purpose of resistance, and not with the mere deprecating begging-off. Such apology will provoke interference. This latter praying-off is essentially weak, and not like the behaviour of a Father in the Church. What shall become of the spiritual arms; what shall be the effect of those ensigns of the dignity of the bishops—the “crook” (of

episcopal authority,) grasped in the hand, and the symbolical “bishop’s ring” upon the finger?

One of the quietest and falsest assumptions in the world, and one that carries the greatest impression of absurdity when it is examined critically and in that side-glance which gives the true view, is worship settled as by secular governmental authority. Modes of worship and regulations teaching us in what manner we should invoke God in falling upon our knees in beseeching the majesty of heaven to pity and behold us contrite, cannot proceed from earthly Parliament law. Do you seek the “interpretations” of religion out of the bosom of cold, literal, equity judges? The visible access to respect of these and their influence in absolute divine matters, are to come from certain “wrappings and foldings and magisterial swathes” intended for the vulgar eye. They are to inspire reverence by badges! That boundless, measureless space of sky above, highest-reaching from mortal ken—except by the assistance of the Holy Saviour—is inaccessible even to thought of man. Man is referred back to the earth for his measurements to space-out, or for his scales to weigh. Consider that height—which is equally *depth*. It would be impossible for recognition in its unspeakable, fathomless

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splendour and hopelessness of height or depth except by the accidental filling-out of clouds; the furniture of it which alone tell. Clouds alone enable us to map and to measure this sky out. By means of these, only, we know the heavenly world, or the vault, as the infinite cove or arch, measureless in its glory. Its nearer recesses are dim—for beyond the eye it is “space unspaced, time timeless”—even its closer vicinities, and its regions round-about us and the world, are not to be more than a very little way pierced. Farther-off; the remoter heavens are impenetrable, though even as with the eyes of the angels inquest of them is sought. And man, and judges, and counsellors, as representing that conflux of common earth's interests which spring only out of the mean, (in the godlike sense), necessities of society, or that art of living on from day to day without our quarrelling or relapse into violence and mere disorder; dispute that ends in “knocking on the head.” These “yeas” and “nays” would set themselves against God's will! The man's place, (or any place), in the vulgar crowd—these arbitrements (mean to the mean), may be pronounced upon dogmatically by magisterial man. But what of those irresistible promptings, and that urging which carries up the devotee wholly to the temple of God; there to

learn, in the inner emotion, what the purpose of Deity is for him! Who shall settle which means shall be chosen out of the many means for heaven's manifestation?

"Concrete and particular" cannot decide upon "universal and abstract." All religions are ritualistic. We mean that all religions, inasmuch as they have dogmas, only speak those dogmas to apprehension through forms and rites more or less ornate, and through observances more or less ceremonial. The meaning of nature is expressed through a myriad of processes; the reasons of which are accepted as true and essential, although none of their formality is understood. Nature has forms which are to speak through senses; which senses are themselves not understood and never can be; because the thing made cannot, (because it is the *thing made*, and not the maker), understand its own making. This is obvious truth.

All fervour urges for display—solicits for escape, which is "form"—which are "services"—which are "rites," abounding in the fuller emphasis, and in the more complete and vivid expression as the feeling within the mind glows the brighter. Prostration of the moved spirit will be intense and acute, leading-up to, and compelling, bodily acts. Only upon the wings of forms, can that finely—

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mysteriously agitated Thing, the human soul, first overborne in dumb, overpowered prostration, afterwards move upward—longing to attain, (and to fall before), the central, and centred, and ineffable Idea of Divine Personality. Man cannot live in abstractions. A Being of feelings, of mercy, of receptivity to prayer; a personality to listen, endowed with power to understand and to sympathise with the creature who entreats, and to relieve all possible evils and terrors both of this state and of that which men feel persuaded *is to come*, in some form or other, when this life ceases:—this is a necessity to man!

Man is feeble and incapable to appeal to God except in those dreamt means—except in those rhapsodies by which the denials and the drawbacks of flesh are trampled. The disabilities and the impossibilities of the body must be conquered by the mighty exertion of faith. We reach out our imploring hands in our prayers, and beg for the spirit. And it is only when we are ourselves intense, that we attain to the grasp of the hand of those blessed souls—Saints in Paradise—who are always seeking to be helpers to us; if we will resolutely urge towards their yearning intervention. They turn towards the throne of grace, and casting down their crowns as un-

worthy before it, they solicit notice for us from the Divine; and then with eager pity they reach out their hands the other way, incorporating themselves out of spirit into the sensible image, which is reality—searching and finding out adroitly for themselves vehicles of comprehension to us, through the impenetrability and grossness of our earthly matter—in order to extricate and rescue us into that same blessed immaterial light and into that happiness in which they themselves are. Thus we soon find friends—real friends, angelic friends—in the lowermost limit to us, of this dumb cope of heaven. It is only the retwining of the links of recollection (in their saintlike nature) of what they themselves were when in life in this human state! Downward they look upon us, again, as with human eyes. The other and the intercessory side of their beatified, (present), double nature is turned when they look above. The hosts of our pleaders above augment for us from day to day. The "Communion of the Saints" is the communion of mediators. The "Noble Army of Martyrs" swells the ranks of those spiritual forces, who equipped from the armouries of heaven and led by the great general of the skies—the blessed Archangel, Saint Michael, the leader of the victorious warring angels;—these

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fight our battles, and the battles of the faithful, through the whole waste of that infernal world which has filled life with contention, and imperilled (from the beginning) us the children of men, branding all our descendants with a curse relieved only in the CROSS!

But we have been well thought-of in the dispensations of Heaven. Such is the fulness of the Saviour's love—First and Greatest of the Intercessors—that He fills Heaven with help to man. So limitless is His desire to save from the depths of darkness, that the Heaven that He offers—if we will but try to reach to it—is void, and will be eternally void, in its immeasurable yearning, still to receive; to fill; and to contain! It gives room to all. It opens *all* room, for *all* to fill! The plains of Heaven have their frontier in the human heart; and there is their access at this small entry, ever since the “First of Humanity” was found projected on the scheme of creation. From the beginning of time has this rescue been made out of flesh into the Spirit-Countries of God. The victories of the conquering hosts have filled, anew and anew, those blessed plains; which are still exclaiming for newer and newer saved souls. There ever will be room. It is the will of Him, (whose

symbols are exalted upon the Altars below, as equally as that His saving Great Cross is traced in the sky), in "signs" among the stars written from north to south, and from east to west, (with the "stars" for the "letters,") that there shall be no losses in this profuse life; if there shall be persistent wish and the striving for rescue into this Heaven!

It was the meaning of the Great Sacrifice on Calvary, to which those lights on the altar and before the altar rise in mystic, glorious, fiery attestation—fire seeking its fellow-flame through the farthest limits of the terrestrial and the celestial worlds—that there shall be no ultimate ruin or darkness; that there shall be no LAST DEATH; that the swathes of dissolution and of blackness shall be consumed; that the great false lights of the devil or Lucifer (thence named as "Light-Bringer" or "Matter-Bringer,") shall be extinguished in the greater master-light or GOD'S LIGHT. That light which is "dark in its own excess," because it extinguishes the man's means of seeing it, and puts out the smaller in the greater. In this stormful warfare of Saint Michael, (and of the Saviour), the Gates of Hell shall literally be broken-up, and light shall flow through all!

For to this Rock of the Ages—this Cross

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upon which the "Man" suffered—with its head lifted into the eternal light in the fulness of the heavenly sunshine; with the clouds rolling and descending from about its breast; and with its roots—(pillard, mineral roots)—duly as those of the "Rock" or "Tree" of Life (as its semblance changes in the elimination or the loosening upward of matter); roots struck deep into the purple, darksome foundation of all things. This "Rock" shall be the mighty talisman, pyramid, or "sign," to which all the shipwrecked of the world shall crowd, clinging safe around it; for that shall stand when all else gives way—that **CROSS OF LIGHT** upon the **DARKNESS**!





## CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

### RATIONALE OF THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

**E**HE following is the *rationale* of the celebration of the Eucharist, considered under the essential idea of it as being the priestly act of offering-up Christ's Body in sacrifice to the Eternal Father, under the sacramental species of Bread and Wine.

The first part is the ordinary of the celebration. It comprises preparatory devotions before the offering service, which are introduced by a ritual form in which the Priest says aloud, before approaching the place of its performance, (the altar), after pronouncing the name of the Holy Trinity with the sign of the cross, a psalm of gladness at entering upon altar-privileges. A general acknowledgment of sin to the people follows; to which the people, on their part, add their own to

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him, each followed by exchanged prayers for each other's pardon; and from the Priest a general absolution is added. Then, in immediate prospect of going-up to the East or to the altar, there are expressions of God's anticipated favour exchanged between Priest and people; and then secretly, on approaching the altar, two short prayers are said, accompanied by kissing the altar, for performing duly the awful holy service upon which he is entering. This is the last of the prayers which form the introduction to the preparatory devotions. The Latin prayers which accompany the above are "*In nomine Patris*," &c. "*Judica me, Deus.*" "*Confiteor*," &c. "*Misereatur.*" "*Indulgentiam.*" "*Deus, tu conversus*," &c. "*Aufer a nobis.*" "*Oramus te, Domine.*"

The preparatory devotions are now performed in a recital, made aloud by the Priest, of the appointed Service for the Festival commemorated on the day. This is done by the Priest at the right corner of the altar, making the sign of the cross; then, with hands joined, he leads off with a short prelude in the mood of the celebration—whether joyful, sad, or glorious—according to the temper of the festival. Then proceeding to the middle of the altar,

with hands joined, the recital continues in a general petition for God's mercy. After which the Priest usually adds, with hands joined after separating them, a general ascription of praise to God. This being said, having kissed the altar, he returns to the right corner, where with arms extended he says the proper prayers for the festival of the day. To this immediately succeeds his reading aloud from the office-book, (while holding it with both hands), a form of apostolical instruction for the faithful, proper for the day's festival; which having been thankfully acknowledged, is appended with a sentimental antiphon according to the mood of the feast. Having ended this, the Priest passes to the middle of the altar; where with head profoundly inclined, having made a prayer asking for grace to publish the Gospel worthily, he reads aloud, with hands joined with its preliminary salutation, a sample of evangelic teaching appropriate to the festival, closed, as he kisses the book, by the people's thanksgiving. To which, when appointed, succeeds, at the middle of the altar, the summary of the Christian faith. This is the last of the festival devotions forming the preparatory exercises. The Latin prayers, &c., and the musical service which ac-

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company the above are an "Introit," "Kyrie Eleison," "Gloria in Excelsis," "Collects," "Epistle," "Deo gratias," "Gradual, occasionally with tract," "Munda cor meum," "Deus vobiscum," "Gospel," "Laus tibi, Christi," "Credo."

#### SECOND PART OF THE SERVICE.

The before-mentioned portion of the service being ended, all gives way to the second part, which comprises the service set for making the oblation of "Christ's Body," of which the preparative part is to get ready the requisite materials for Christ's presence to take place in. This is called the offertory. An act precedent is the usual spiritual salutation made aloud by the Priest, at the middle of the altar, while turned toward the people, with a call upon them to prayer after his return. A prelude to the festival sentiment is said secretly, after which the preparation of the requisite matter is now made.

Then succeeds an offering-rite, in which with a view of supplying forms meet for both the manners under which Christ's Bodily Presence is to take place of Flesh and Blood, the material chosen to be employed as the fit ones are those of Bread and Wine.

These two subjects thus elected for consecra-

tion, before being treated in their sacred service have first to be blessed. And as this blessing is to be obtained through the gifts themselves being offered, the offering of them is accordingly now to be made by the Priest ; who, with this intent, therefore, standing at the middle of the altar, taking into his hands upon the paten first the bread, elevates it in an offering manner with both hands, saying a prayer secretly for God's acceptance of it from him. And then the Priest takes the wine, which he has to obtain from the server, going to him at the right hand of the altar, lifting the wine cruet (cruet from *cruor*, "blood"—as container of the blood). He pours from it some wine into the chalice, mixing with it a few drops of water, blessing it meanwhile ; and he then says a prayer for the participation of Christ's nature. Having taken the wine, returning then to the middle of the altar, he offeringly elevates with both hands ; saying a prayer supplicating the Divine clemency for acceptance. Which done, profoundly inclined at the middle of the altar, in the spirit of self-dedication along with the creatures he offers, he begs acceptance for his offerings. This being thus solemnly designed as the material embodiment of a consecrated sacrifice, he therefore goes

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on to beg the sanctifier to bless. This blessing renders the gifts finally sacred for the vessels of Christ's bodily presence. Which, as it has to be induced through his priestly act, going therefore to the side of the altar he recites—while going through a ceremonial purification of his hands—a psalm of holy aspiration, to express the innocence which ought to be in him who is about to treat the blessed offering with so holy an intent.

After which, in prospect of the sacrificial offering to be made under the double form, returning to the middle of the altar, there profoundly inclined, he prays the Holy Trinity to accept the memorial oblation he makes; which, as being also the people's sacrifice as well as his own, turning round to them, he begs aloud that they will join their prayers for. And this invocation of God's gracious regard upon his offerings, blessed for sacrificial oblation, which he now pronounces, completes the order for making the appointment of the material subject, through which the acceptable offering may be able to become locally present; which being thus duly settled, is brought off, in additional festival prayers secretly said. This being the point when the preparative appointment of the material for

offering ends. Its closing words, spoken aloud lead on to the next part, the main action of the eucharistic sacrifice, which is to offer up Christ's body present under the forms supplied by the prepared altar-gifts of bread and wine. This is prefaced by a devout festival thanksgiving, varied according to the season, said aloud ; ending in a tribute of praise expressing holy gladness at the prospect of Christ's approach.

At the beginning of this part of the ceremony, the sounding of the bell by the server gives notice to the people of the near coming on of the more sacred part of this eucharistic celebration, which among the Roman Catholics is called the Mass. "Mass"—"messa"—"missa" harvest—completion. This particular, principal part, which is now coming on, is called the "canon." The finishing song of joy, which never varies being done, gives place to the rite itself, in which the offering of Christ's Body is performed. Which having to be done through the conveying help of the altar-gifts of Bread and Wine—these, therefore, for their first enabling office in that action, have of themselves to furnish sensible form for the taking place of the offerings' pre-requisite condition, which is that the body may be made offerably present. And as

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its presence, under their form, is to be effected through the gifts being divinely accepted; that acceptance is, therefore, sought, according to petition, of the Father in the Priest's opening prayer, in which, with confidence of his petition being granted (standing in the middle of the altar, first raising his eyes and hands upwards, and then again with hands joined stooping to kiss the altar), he makes a devout address to the Father, beseeching Him to regard the gifts upon the altar (whose sacred destination for the Divine acceptance he marks emphatically by crossing them at every naming of them), that they may be blessed and accepted in behalf of those for whom they are now presented—namely, all the Church, to which is added all those whom the offerers would especially commend, in communion with all the saints who have passed away to the glory of the other life.

TRANSFERENCE:—OR THE THIRD PART OF  
THE SERVICE.

These are the objects in behalf of whom the acceptance, which the coming presence of Christ is to realise, is prayed. Which having been asked, is now to be OBTAINED (according to the mode ordained for obtaining it), in the Priest's

consecration of the gifts. In the performance of which, first spreading his hands over them, the more solemnly to denote them as the ones thereto designed — on doing which the bell sounded by the server gives notice of the nearness of the consecration — he prays that God would graciously make them an acceptable oblation. And then (again thrice solemnly crossing them to express how sacred is their disposal for the sanctifying presence which he would have his consecrating act to bring upon them) his prayer continues that they may become for us the “Body and Blood of Christ.” Which done, he then proceeds to the consecrating act, itself, for the mystic element called the “bread;” which, therefore, taking into his hands, he says secretly the words commemorating Christ’s own eucharistic action (“*Qui pridie*”), till coming to the words “*accipite*,” &c., at which, stooping over the altar with his elbows resting on it, he pronounces Christ’s words affirming it to be his body (“*Hoc est corpus meum*”), of which the verification is through the change of its natural substance into the presence of Christ’s Body, under the species of bread, which has now surrendered its own form to be the signifying show, (OR DREAM), of the adorable substance of Christ’s

flesh. Which, present in it, is therefore first adored with genuflection during bell-sounding ; next elevated for the people's adoration at sound of bell ; then adored again with genuflections at sound of bell.

The chalice is next taken into the Priest's hands. Which done, he says secretly the words commemorating Christ's own eucharistic action (" *Simili modo* "), in respect to the chalice, down to the words, " *Accipite et bibite ex eo omnes.*" When in like manner, stooping over with his elbows leaning on the altar, he pronounces Christ's word affirming the same to be the chalice of his blood (" *Hic est enim calix* "). Of which the verification is through the change of the natural substance into that of Christ's blood under the show or species of wine, which has now surrendered its own form to be the signifying vehicle, or phantom (HUMANLY), of the adorable substance of Christ's blood. Which being present within, it is first adored with genuflection made at sound of bell ; next elevated for the people's adoration at sound of bell ; then adored again with genuflection at sound of bell. This is the last step in the two-fold movement of the whole action for completing the ritual process of consecration, by which the

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altar-gifts are sanctified. The Divine force of which renders Christ's flesh and blood present in sacrament upon the altar, (as far as man's senses or dream can assure), under the species of bread and wine, whose substance has now, through the transforming power of God, become the precious (BELIEVED) Body of the "Lamb of God" that takes away the sin of the world. And this being made ready on the altar as an acceptable sacrifice for offering to the Eternal Father completes the first requisite for doing what he recites Christ's injunction about "commemorating" them, as the reason that he should do it ("Hæc quoties cumque," &c.),—the principal act in which the offering of Christ's Body is made, as being the express fulfilling of the Divine injunction in its chief part. This constitutes the act of "oblation," and is the oblation itself. It proceeds according to a form in which, extending his arms prayer-wise, the Priest, in words expressive of oblation (*Unde et memores, &c.*,") in declared compliance with the command of commemorating Christ in His Passion and Resurrection, offers to the Divine Majesty the now consecrated altar-gifts, under both kinds, as a holy and spotless victim, ("Offerimus præclaræ," &c.); begging that they

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may be accepted graciously ; ("*Supra quæ*," &c.) ; that they may be conveyed into the presence of the Divine Majesty ; ("*Supplices te rogamus*," &c.), to the blessing of those who shall partake of the same Body and Blood. This completes the essential part of the act of oblation, which being done, there follows its complemental part, consisting of prayers for those for whom the offering has been made ;— for the dead, that they may be refreshed ; ("*Memento etiam*," &c.) ; then audibly aloud, ("*Nobis quoque*," &c.), in its initial words, for the living, that they may be associated in fellowship with the saints "already arrived." This is the last of the petitions made in reliance on the merits of the offered sacrifice of Christ just made. As this work of oblation is brought to conclusion in that prayer. This, as its terminating part, it is suitably wound up in a more solemn pleading ("*Per quem hac omnia*") of the worth-giving power of the sacrificed Christ, whose self upon the altar, as the source, to us of conciliatory worth, is pointedly betokened by the cross-shaped signs which, while uttering the alleging sentence, the Priest makes about "His Body," now present before him in sacrament. A triple one when making the several namings

of the quickening acts that God does for us through him, ("*Santificas, vivificas, benedicis*"). Next after uncovering the chalice and genuflecting at the naming of Him as the one "through" whom, "with" whom, and "in" whom ("*Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in ipso*") three made with the present Sacrament of His Flesh—the bread—over the present Sacrament of His Blood in the Chalice. Then again lastly at the tributary callings of the two other Divine Persons, ("*Est tibi Deo omnipotenti*"); two with the bread outside the cup, between its rim and the Priest's own breast.

All this is followed by a slight offering-like elevation of both together, in honour-tribute to God the Father ("*Omnis honor et gloria*"). Which the covering—again of the chalice with its pall, and an added genuflection finishes-up. And along with it all the context of the entire Christ-pleading cause. This itself being the last movement belonging to the principal act of offering-up Christ's body in sacrifice, ("*Per omnia sæcula sæculorum*"). Its closing words, uttered aloud, lead to the supplemental action of partaking of the offered body by the offering Priest, and others who wish.

This has for its preparatory part ("*Præceptis*

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*salutaribus*") this solemnly introduced recital of the Lord's Prayer ("Pater Noster"), followed by a general petition for deliverance from all evils ("Libera nos"). At the conclusion of which the Priest breaks the consecrated wafer into two halves, and then, from the half in his *left hand*, breaks off a small particle.

This bringing the partaking of the offered Body to an end of its preparatory part, makes way now for going through its process called Communion. Which after wishing, for the communicants, the characteristic blessing of peace ("Pax Domini") is preluded solemnly by expressed hope of due benefit arising from Communion. Whose property of importing, along with itself, the virtue of Communion of Christ with His faithful, and of the faithful with each other, *the act of dropping the particle of the wafer*, is a ritual mode—still retained—of expressing. This done, brings on the time for the Communion of the Offered Body being made; with which intent the Priest, devoutly addressing Christ in Sacrament, upon the Altar under His propitiatory title of "Lamb of God" ("Agnus Dei"), recites secretly suitable devout prayers, supplicating him for his apostolic peace ("Domine Jesu Christi qui dixisti"); then for freedom by

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His Body from all evils ("Domini Iesu Christi, Fili Dei, Vivi," &c.); ending his prayer by beseeching him that the Communion he is going to make be for his welfare spiritual and corporal ("Perceptio corporis tui"). This done—that his act of receiving the Sacrament of Christ's Body may begin with that of His Flesh—he first, with expressions of desire for receiving it, takes into his hands the Bread ("Panem caelestem"). After which he utters thrice an acknowledgment of his unworthiness of Christ's coming to him ("Domine, non sum dignus"), accompanied each time with a suitable expressing action of striking his breast. At this instant the server's bell sounds, to give notice to the congregation of the approaching of the time for coming up to the altar, (if any would), for Communion.

Then having, by way of a ceremonial beginning to acceptance, made the sign of the Cross, with a devout wish for its keeping him to eternal life, he lastly places the Bread in his mouth and consumes it. Then in like manner is made the Communion of the Precious Blood in the Chalice, which he accordingly takes into his hands with expressions of gratitude ("Quid retribuam"); and having made with it the sign of the Cross with a devout wish uttered for its

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keeping his soul eternally, he then puts it to his lips and drinks it. (*"Sanguis Domini."*)

Here follows Communion of people, if any, at the altar rails.

This brings to an end the two forms—by eating and by drinking—belonging to the reception of the Blessed Sacrament, in which is perfected the Communion that gives the receivers to be partakers of the same body of Christ which they have offered.

Upon which follows the quitting of the communional action, consisting of purification by ablution, which is effected in the following manner:—by wine poured by server into the chalice in quantity as much as was taken at the offertory, while saying prayer to Christ just received (*"Quod ore," &c.*), for the Communion's salutary effect;—by wine and water poured over the Priest's finger by the server into chalice at the epistle side of the altar, whilst in the meantime saying prayer to Christ that His Body may be the means by which all remnants of sin may be dispelled from the receiver (*"Corpus tuum," &c.*) Then follows the reposing the sacramental vessels and things in order, and the reading, at the epistle side of the altar, of a hymnal sentiment called *"Communio."*

This last utterance closes the whole after-going arrangement belonging to the order for partaking of the Victim's Offered Body by the offerers, which, being ended, terminates the supplemental part of the main action of the offering service. This, thus far completed, is now finished-off in appropriate festival prayers, chiefly to express aspirations for the fruits of the received Sacrament, ("Post communions"). These wind up the business of the Grand Eucharistic Celebration, which being thus concluded is followed by dismissal from the whole ritual service of the Sacrament. In the delivery of which the Priest, after usual spiritual salutation ("Dominus vobiscum") pronounces the words of dismissal to the people ("Ite, missa est"), or "Benedicamus Domino." Which done, having said secretly, with head inclined at the altar, a prayer for his homage being acceptable ("Placeat tibi, &c.), turning round to the people, he gives the parting benediction, accompanied with the sign of the Cross ("Benedicat vos"). This benedictional ending being made to the Missal Service, there remains nothing more but the third, and the final, part of the Sacrificial Service; which is a sacred reading, by way of thanksgiving, at the left corner of the altar; and the "Last Gospel."

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This is the end of the ritual and of the mystic celebration of the Blessed Sacrament; testifying to its general spirit and meaning as a supernatural institution, and as exercised from time to time in imitation of the "LAST SUPPER OF THE LORD."





## CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

### AN ALTAR FOR A VICTIM, OR A TABLE FOR COMPANY.

HE difficulty to the formal intellect is to believe that there could be in possibility such a miracle as "Transubstantiation." That there could be such an unbelievable thing as "conversion" *without means*. That there could be such a change as of the physical elements of bread and wine into flesh and into blood. And the partaking of this flesh and blood, (to be sublimised out of real materials sprung out of the earth and capable of touch, sight, and taste of course,) into something to save, and to induce spirit-knowledge, seems as great an aberration from consistency, as to make one real thing out of another real thing without any possible connection between either, or any means to do it. This is the realistic view of the Sacrament; totally

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without faith. Such an event as this miraculous conversion is of course impossible—thus stated.

But when the mind is set examining, all substance may be argued away, and nothing will be left of it except a mere “suggestion.” This last is only vapour. “Mind” also, when we strive to fix it, must be reduced into some sensible or substantial image to be felt or known at all. And this mind is then “substance.” We cannot do without real forms. We are ourselves *in* real form. Thus the idea to the mind that the “Son of Heaven” became a real man, quite apart from revelation, is a necessity. And when this image of thinking power became a real man, he subsided into the penalties or the accidents of the whole of man’s nature. He then is sharing a creation which, (in as far as suffering and expiation are implied in its very name,) is the “cross” in and throughout itself. The theory of the “Sacrament,” of the sacrifice of a “Victim” on the altar of the “World,” is that the priest, as the representative-expiant, as he urges upward in his intense adoration, represented by prayers, which are really assisted in the supernatural presences won down by light, and in the magical “unloosening” effect of the

incense upon the otherwise impenetrably shut-up mind, (in its vehicle and fortress of flesh), is *himself* the emblemmed “Christ,” undergoing in the processes of this inexpressible, grandly acute celebration all the typical accumulated agonies resultant from, (and atoning for), the first “Fall,” and reconciling to God, (from them), as the paid penalty, and as the elected expiation!—For “Man” himself, in life, is the “martyr.”

The two sentinel or standard candles, with their spiry flames, are the mystic tremendous pillars or “uprights” known in the Temple of Solomon (for neither he nor his “Temple,” were a myth), by the names of “Jachin” to the right-hand of the altar; and of “Boaz” to the left-hand of the altar. They are twin-candles, though separate; and they witness to the presence of the “Divinity” disclosed in his aspect of fire; and therefore in all true, living, effective celebration they are absolutely necessary to be LIGHTED, if the “Holy Eucharist” is to be construed as a divine sacrifice. If accepted only as a commemorative Communion “Supper,” (partaken-of at a “Table,”) they need not be lighted. Indeed at a mere Communion Service, implying the possibility of no “Real Presence,”

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they have no meaning. The figures or images of these two "lights" at the barrier of the great altar are found, in representative stone, in the "two towers" at the western end of every Cathedral Church. Those at the metropolitan Cathedral of Saint Paul's have the "pine-cone" at the summit; because the great floreate cross, or the cross whose four bifurcated floreal *radū* issue from the rose ("Rosicrucianism,") ascends high, (over all,) on the top of the great central dome over the grand intersecting "cross-point." To return to the two lights before the altar—They are "masculine" to the right-hand, which is the place of the "sun" of the "macrocosm;" "feminine" to the left-hand, which is the place of the "moon" or "mother" of the "macrocosm." They are the "double," the great cleft, (to speak in mystic figure); or the division from between which the "Sun of Righteousness" displays splendid. From the centre-line they are supposed to file to the right-hand and to the left, borne by unseen archangelic hands; and to part from before it, to disclose the "Cross" or the sun where the "Ideal" or the divine "Man" is "possible" as "crucified." The two groups, each of three lighted candles, standing on the altar on each side of

the Cross in the centre (which if the idea of the "Real Presence" is intended to be assumed by these arrangements ought always to be a crucifix with the "crowned" figure of the Saviour dependent thereon) constitute the "seven spirits," champions, angels of planets, leaders of hosts, seraphs, or "macrocosmical" mighty stars. These emblem the heavenly septenary influences. The great centre-supposed "light," (or cross itself), is the grand "Light," or "Logos," or "Word" vouchsafed to the world; which world is pardoned only conditionally. As beheld by man, (who is the "microcosm" or little world,) it is the light of the "microcosm" or little world in the "human sense." But it proceeds from, (and is the complement so far as reason can sustain it), of the "macrocosm" or great world. The light of the cross is a reflection from the ineffable macrocosmical eternal SUN or glory—dark in its light, (so to speak in apparently inconsistent terms), with its own excess of light; and only to be known in the world's light, or Sun, or "Son" issuant from it. He is the "Redeemer" or "Sacrifice" for the onliving and, (except for him), LOST; ever lost world. This Redeeming Son or sacrifice is perpetuating his

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Saviour's exploring expiation through the worlds. Time, which is light in its function, (on the hither side), as it discloses to reason; is dark in its function, (on the thither side), as it moves away from reason; is the measure, or roll of periods, blotted in that light which constitutes it. This is abstruse, high Gnosticism.

Now the theosophic view of the great Christian sacrifice which has prevailed cautiously and coldly and reasonably since the Reformation, is that it is "Supper," (however holy and called the "Lord's") at a "Table;" at which the "Twelve" sat down originally, with the Saviour presumably as "President" only. This is assuredly to bring down and to diminish our ideas, and to limit the sacredness and the dignity of this great central ceremony or rite of the Christian religion. The other view, (and certainly the higher view, as attributing more honour and glory to it), is that the "Holy Eucharist" or "Blessed Sacrament" is the continual immolation of the real divine victim, glorious in his very sacrifice, upon the upright *lithos*, or upon the world's altar. This is the Rock of Ages, Saint Peter, the "Rock" upon which the "Church" is founded; and in

regard to which the Gospel declares that the "Gates of Hell," (the visible malignant side of creation) shall not prevail against it. According to some mystical theosophic divines this faith is also that of the "Stone" of the "Philosophers" in its magic and ghostly and holy sense; unexpected and impossible as this last assertion may appear to those who do not know what the "Red Cross" is, and the deep Christianity which goes with it. The reformers', more prosaic and material and disbelieving, not to say *misbelieving* view has sprung from an ever-present and very lively and determined *dread* of favouring anything like false worship or idolatry. It amounts to the distrusting and putting Christ at a distance. It is, in plain language, *the being afraid of him*, not quite in the reverent sense; as an "Idea" so exceedingly awful as not to be borne by the human mind. It arises from a very curious kind of smallness, or false poverty of spirit. The sublimity of the rite overpowers us when it is assumed, (as in the Catholic ideas it is assumed), that the sacrifice on Calvary is still transmitted, (and transmissible), through the many worlds. People disbelieve—because they believe *real* things and *real* things only.—They

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think that the mysterious "Transubstantiation" or change of the real into the unreal is impossible, as a miracle is impossible; nor that it *can* take place. But those who rely differently insist that the great act *can take place* when effected by man if heaven *actuates and effectuates the man*, and *becomes*, "him," divinely inspired, in and for this special act worthily. Because man did not make himself, nor is himself; but that God made him, and *is him*; and He comes into his world, (having made it and being it), when He pleases and if He please. The Romanists limit themselves to saying that all this is done "as in a dream," (only where "everything else" is likewise "in a dream") "man," and "his business," and "his world," and all that makes or is made by Him or of Him. Therefore man not being actually in presence of real things at all, the exterior panorama may be what it will—when God wills it to be what HE will. And the world may not be "real things" *as real things*; but unreal things, as "out of another world" not known of "this world."

The ultimate reason of the "sacring-bell" being sounded from time to time in the

Roman Catholic celebration of the "Mass" as it deepens in its efficacious complexities, (so to speak), under the efforts and in the persevering resisting ministration of the Priest, is that the sinister presences or the evil spirits, (always attracted—and that the more thickly and fiercely, according to its earnestness and success—by the service to the Deity,) congregate and muster to tempt and to endeavour to distract, prevent, enfeeble, and "spoil" the Eucharist. Nothing according to the ancient Christian mystic theorists so alarms, drives back, confounds and scatters these busy legions of Satan, (lesser or larger in their number and various in their character, or however "led,") than the tinkling of this small heavenly (tremendous) bell—the "still small voice"—powerful because in the extreme earthly quiet it is as the summoning trumpets of the Archangel Michael, when addressed, (for their attack to commence,) to his victorious winged waiting sworded hosts. All this contention and warfare in the eternal "Invisible World" between the good and the bad is traditionally indicated as taking place during the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The conflict between the opposed angelic forces is supposed by the Fathers of the

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Church to be carried on invisibly and unheard ; and to shake the "silent lands" of spiritual possibility only ; man remaining unknowing of them and unknown to them, all through. Man was assumed by the Christian mystic speculators of the early centuries—men like Origen, Saint Augustine, Tertullian, Epiphanius, Saint Iræneus, and others—as always proceeding on his way as under a silent sky unconscious of the spiritual storms, where things (to him) offer other presentments than their own realities. Though repelled and beaten-back from time to time, the adverse malific angelic squadrons, intent on their bad work, renew their charge only to be victoriously again and again routed at the awful signal of "dismay" offered to them in this "sacring-bell ;" which small as it is humanly, in reality is gifted with prodigious supernatural terrifying power. The effect of sound upon the nerves does not depend upon the greatness of the sound, *but upon the greatness of the silence* ; and in this sense a whisper may be supposed as more dreadful than the loudest thunder. Such a whisper of doom, lying in the foundation of the worlds, is that imagined to be hinted in the tinkle of the little "sacring-

bell." We can daily see its effect upon the congregation in any Roman Catholic Church. Its results elsewhere are, of course those only for faith. However, no man can absolutely deny these spiritual results, from his own certainty, as possible or impossible in the exterior, invisible outside; for he knows nothing of this.

The above accounts very clearly for the continual use of bells in Christian worship, and for their being not only the accompaniments of all religious service, but also for their being found the invariable adjunct and addition to ecclesiastical buildings all over the Christian world.

The consecration and baptism of bells was one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the middle ages. The council of Cologne ordained that the bells should be blessed as the "trumpets of the Church militant," by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God, the clergy announce his mercy by day and his truth in their nocturnal vigils. The old theorists maintained that the faithful were efficaciously invited to prayers by them; and that their devotion was thereby wonderfully stimulated. That the re-

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sponsive effect to them—they being music—in the worlds of supernatural things was great. The profound Fathers of the Church also insisted, in their deeper teaching, that demons affrighted by the sound of bells would wither as into themselves with their bad influences, curling before the blast of the bells; shrinking as the withered leaves. That when they fled, dispersed from their malignant molestation, the persons of the faithful became secure. That the destruction caused by lightning and storm would be averted by the bells, and that the spirits who ride furiously the fierce tempests of the sky would be put to rout. Bells doing the office of the blessed sun, who, after storms, reasserts himself. The bells pouring thickly their potent, blessed, musical strokes to assist the sun's blaze; scattering, and breaking, and dispelling clouds like the beams of the great reconquering luminary.

In this singular, enthusiastic theory, as the shadows are supposed to be convicted by, (and to be penetrated with), the sunbeams as piercing and conquering launched darts, so are the evil spirits stricken through their centre and routed into dispersion by the pointed sounds, (sharp or strong,) of the ringing re-

sounding bells; which express prayers or exorcisms supernaturally; as giving forth, with the tongues of the inspiring, attendant angels, "tones as swords."

The following lines express these religious ideas poetically—but none the less truly.

Lucifer is supposed, in night and storm, confederate with the "Powers of the Air," (of which powers he is now displaying as the "Prince,") to make war upon some magnificent Cathedral-church, built in the form of that sacred symbol of the Redemption of the World, (the Cross;) and he seeks to tear down its smaller semblances from the roof. Blessed symbols, these crosses are everywhere; above, below, around and in every Church; consecrated for God's service and in his attestation:

*"Lucifer.*

Hasten! hasten!

O ye spirits!

From its station drag the ponderous  
Cross of iron, that to mock us  
Is uplifted high in air!

*Voices.*

O, we cannot!

For around it  
All the Saints and Guardian Angels

Throng in legions to protect it ;  
They defeat us everywhere !

*The Bells.*

Laudo Deum verum !  
Plebem voco !  
Congrego clerum !

*Lucifer.*

Lower !—lower !  
Hover downward !  
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and  
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement  
Hurl them from their windy tower !

*Voices.*

All thy thunders  
Here are harmless !  
For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptised with holy water !  
They defy our utmost power.

*The Bells.*

Defunctos ploro !  
Pestem fugo !  
Festa decoro !

*Lucifer.*

Shake the casements !  
Break the painted  
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson ;  
Scatter them like leaves of autumn,  
Swept away before the blast !

*Voices.*

O, we cannot !  
The Archangel  
Michael flames from every window,  
With the sword of fire that drove us  
Headlong out of heaven, aghast !

*The Bells.*

Funera plango !  
Fulgura frango !  
Sabbata pango !

*Lucifer.*

Aim your lightnings  
At the oaken,  
Massive, iron-studded portals !  
Sack the house of God, and scatter  
Wide the ashes of the dead !

*Voices.*

O, we cannot !  
The Apostles  
And the martyrs, wrapped in mantles,  
Stand as warders at the entrance,  
Stand as sentinels o'erhead.

*The Bells.*

Excito lentos !  
Dissipo ventos !  
Paco cruentos !

*Lucifer.*

Baffled ! baffled !

Throng in legions to protect it ;  
They defeat us everywhere !

*The Bells.*

Laudo Deum verum !  
Plebem voco !  
Congrego clerum !

*Lucifer.*

Lower !—lower !  
Hover downward !  
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and  
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement  
Hurl them from their windy tower !

*Voices.*

All thy thunders  
Here are harmless !  
For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptised with holy water !  
They defy our utmost power.

*The Bells.*

Defunctos ploro !  
Pestem fugo !  
Festa decoro !

*Lucifer.*

Shake the casements !  
Break the painted  
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson ;  
Scatter them like leaves of autumn,  
Swept away before the blast !

*Voices.*

O, we cannot !

The Archangel

Michael flames from every window,  
With the sword of fire that drove us  
Headlong out of heaven, aghast !

*The Bells.*

Funera plango !

Fulgura frango !

Sabbata pango !

*Lucifer.*

Aim your lightnings

At the oaken,  
Massive, iron-studded portals !  
Sack the house of God, and scatter  
Wide the ashes of the dead !

*Voices.*

O, we cannot !

The Apostles

And the martyrs, wrapped in mantles,  
Stand as warders at the entrance,  
Stand as sentinels o'erhead.

*The Bells.*

Excito lentos !

Dissipo ventos !

Paco cruentos !

*Lucifer.*

Baffled ! baffled !

Throng in legions to protect it ;  
They defeat us everywhere !

*The Bells.*

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Plebem voco !

Congregō clerum !

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## CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

### SUMMING-UP.

**E**N religion so much is represented by objects and forms, and so much is conveyed in what may be called the alphabet of symbolism, that church architecture is, or ought to be, wholly an instructor. The great central act or service of the Christian worship is undoubtedly the Sacrament of the Eucharist; and we have sought to raise ideas in regard to it; and to explain fully the hidden meaning and the true references which are scattered in innumerable suggestive forms about the altar. The old builders, or the Master-Masons who contrived most of the ancient cathedrals not only in England but on the continent, were truly "Masters" in this respect that not a line, nor a mark, nor a letter, but, in their skilful hands, told its

surpassing story. It is undoubtedly true that all these deeplying, significant references to mysteries are successfully concealed—one thing being frequently put purposely for another, which is totally unlike. Every cathedral on the old plan is however a treasure-house of curiosities; and the divine hints and anagrams become perfectly beautiful in their meaning, when the understanding light is directed upon their then freely displayed complexities—opening a whole theosophic heaven, spoken in forms—beautiful forms, like a language.

The chapter wherewith we commenced our subject is devoted to some personal impressions of a real unmistakeable Sunday in London; and we have chosen a humble exemplification of the sort of life led on that day by numerous classes; variously, but, in general, lowlily placed in the social scale.

Chapter the second treats of a Sunday in summer, with notice of the abounding beauties observable in the warm leafy season, and surrounding a person whether "in city pent," or in the true welcome country, where man's buildings, if to be seen in the foliage, are picturesque; whereby far the major part of the life is the life of nature. Natural objects and their imitation by man

lift the mind to the Master-Hand which fashioned all so beautifully.

Chapter the third consists of an analytical examination and exposition of every part of a Cross-church or Cathedral-church ; explaining the wonderful and the deep symbolism which lies unsuspected in the pointed architecture, and citing the innumerable touching suggestions conveyed in the art, and through the fervour of mind and reverence of the constructors; who were men of profound thought, depending for their justification (in design) afterwards upon the cunningest graphic executive hand.

The next chapter describes the effect of the Eucharistic Celebration in one of the well-known ritualistic churches, (as they are termed), in London. It enters fully upon the impressions produced by the dignified emblematic service upon the mind of the worshippers.

Chapter the Eighth records the peculiar solemn effect of a visit to Westminster Abbey ; and it is, as it were, a long, but not melancholy, (apart from the natural and inseparable influences of such a place), reverie, indulged-in amidst the tombs of kings, warriors, and great men, and the memorials of noteworthy individuals. Those are there who once moved and

thought in real life; with some such a sky, possibly, as that even over the reader now. Then the thought rises in the mind that these disappeared and long-buried individuals are, in the present, (while we are alive), less than even shadows; because even shadows have effect among real things. These buried ones live, (if they may be said to live at all), alone in the pages of history; which, in giving their portraits in printed accounts, are in reality perhaps supplying, instead of their own picture, some other person's description; they are very probably not their owner's own by any means. For if the individual be denied by nature, in his life, the possibility of knowing himself, other people are infinitely less likely to arrive at the true, or indeed at any idea of him; when he himself is not able to tell what notion even he (himself,) had formed of what he is.

The next chapter points out some of the sources of the weakness, and would recal, if it were permissible, some of the means of the assumed possible *new strength* of the English Church. It would seem, in the modern day, that indifference about religion, and pre-occupation and want of continual application in

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the thinking-about it at all, (or certainly the thinking-about it in the determined way,) that these are doing—or perhaps have done—their bad work. Coldness and undisputing acquiescence are more dangerous foes to the old English Protestant Church than actual criticising, realistic disbelief; or the utter absorption in worldly pursuits of the present period, and its mere life of the day's necessities and of the selfish instincts; barren of good, because all of greed and of need.

That part of our book which succeeds, is an elaborate description of the ceremonies of the Eucharistic Offering in the real ritualistic view of its being speculatively the miraculous "Transubstantiation" or positive conversion of bread and wine into Christ's glorified body. This chapter proffers no arguments. It is the progress or picture of the circumstances of the Sacrificial Offering, or of the Eucharist. It is entirely a process, a *proces rationale*, or a procession, or succession, or *ritus* composed of acts and prayers. It is the analysis, history, or *formula* in which is embodied, (and through which is transacted,) the Chief Sacrament or Rite of the Christian Religion.

At the end of the work, the subject becomes

narrowed into an examination of the principal points of doubt, and of disagreement, which actuate the Dissenting or Protestant bodies in their denial of this Real Presence. There is also an ad-  
duction of the main arguments, which—meta-  
physically and speculatively—may appear conclu-  
sively to dispose of some of the principal objections  
against it. An object and aim of the work  
is, farther, to give some clearer ideas of the  
meaning of those Lighted Candles at the  
Altar, and wholly to raise our notions of the  
uses and dignity of CEREMONIAL WORSHIP.  
It is sought in this Book particularly to see,  
if when we turn our eyes in all adoring faith  
to that mystic East, we may not spiritually—  
in the same manner as we descry the rising  
sun when we see him glancing his searching  
rays into the waking world and scattering  
darkness as the Enemy—find the Lord Jesus.  
He whom we have come out to find—turning  
eastwards, or to the altar, really to discover  
him personally and bodily. For in that way  
only can we know him. We look for HIM  
upon that Altar, awful and aweing; round  
which altar we crowd—only to fall prostrate in the  
acknowledgement of HIS immeasurable love in  
the one great—and still repeated and con-

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tinual—sacrifice of himself in his “Man’s State;” or as the only intelligible means of our reconcilement and reception—with Himself—into His Own Heaven—and therefore to **HIS FATHER.**

In short, we seek him as the visible, although “Glorified” Man; in order that we may know him as a “Man at All,” or as anything like ourselves—as a thing to know, or to have an idea about in any way.

The very essence of the Christian religion is that man was made in the IMAGE of the Deity. Else, apart from this strict, this positive idea of Humanity, all cannot be Christianity; but—however disguised in words or veiled or refined-upon in logical or metaphysical definitions—it is nothing but heathenism. Our God must be personal, like ourselves; otherwise Deity—which we call by a general name Providence—is a mere *abstraction*. And in regard to this abstraction—if we choose to make it such—anything may be predicated, as anything denied. In this case the figure or idea of Deity being *that* notion, only, raised in such individual thinker’s mind—if he thinks at all on this, or on any object of thought raised for him to worship and to confess:—this will be

no God to address and to be prayed-to, but a *bodiless*, fugitive—not even idea or impression—but “NOTHING.” Not even a “Force”—to follow out the foolish ideas of the scientific supposed theologians:—because that *force* will be contradicted, if the inquest be prosecuted, by other “*forces*” into which it passes; in the conviction arising from which it is exposed, being superseded by the last new popular FORCE: whatever such may mean—this latter. Thus the several freethinking philosophical deities or forces—science seeking to explain and knocking its head and scattering its judgments against matter, into which it searches; still finding “MATTER,” and therefore the devil’s merely suggested human-reason:—thus these learned men’s divinities melt—ever changing into *infinity of vanity*.

We think we have thus demonstrated the necessity of the “Personal God.”

And yet we end with very humble ideas—in the face of such a theme—of our methods of proof.

THE END.



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